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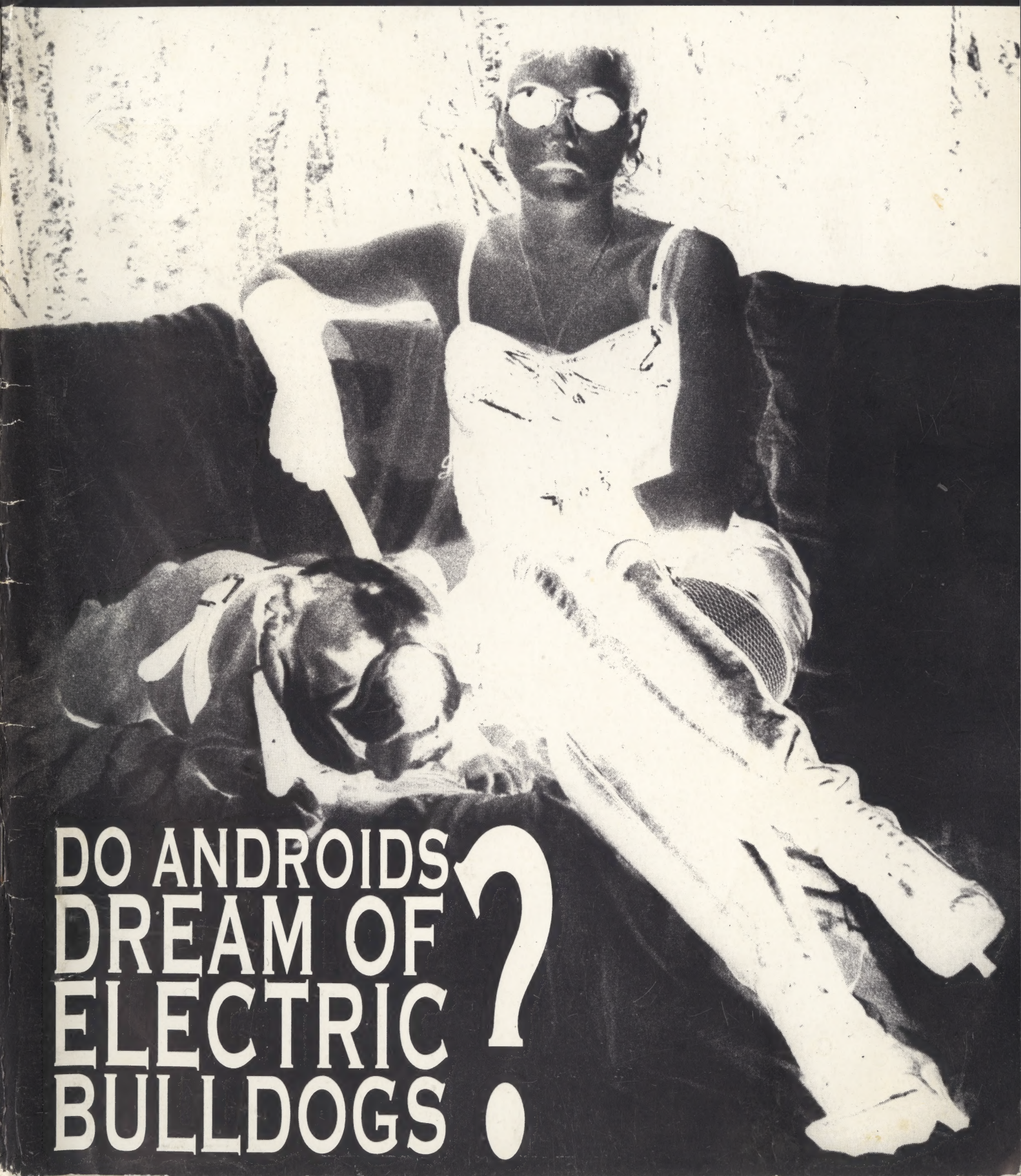

DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC BULLDOGS?

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ARTWORK NIXX

WITH THE HELP OF

NIXX, NINA, NESTOR, OLLY, GRAHAM, LOU, DOUG P, JEFF, PETE AND LINDA, STEFAN, JACKIE, PAUL TOOHIL AND ARTWARE (DONNA), BIG CAT (JACKIE) MINUS HABENS, CONTEMPO, SPH And Everyone Who Sent Stuff In.

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY

ONTREEFORTS

F.L.A. A lot of bands say that electronic bands don't make music that's because they don't know how to use the technology. It's here to help people and it's only as good as what you put in it. Computers do nothing unless you tell them what to do. So for people to say oh yes electronic music the computers do it for you is just crap. That's just a cop out because they are stuck in the past. It seems pointless to slag it off and live in the sixties.

FIST Isn't it mechanical, just pressing buttons ?

F.L.A. When we play live I don't think it's mechanical at all. We play live as much as possible. It's a human triggering a machine. That's how we look at it. The machines don't do anything without the human, that's our basic approach, man against machine or man with machine.

FIST Is that the idea of the group ?

F.L.A. It's not that it's just that the computer is another instrument. We don't play cellos, we play samplers. It's an instrument and people who deny that are kidding themselves, mainly because they're scared. I've heard the quote that anyone can use a sampler but there again anyone can use a guitar. Does it make any difference ?

FIST There was a belief at one time that computer music was cold and devoid of soul.

F.L.A. So what the world is a cold place and devoid of soul. That's really limited. We like a cold sound, the way we view things around us. You know it's not exactly happy times are here, it's hard. When you go to the USA and see all those people living in boxes it's not like a big utopia that gives you faith in the human race. I hate almost everything. I think the human race is pathetic. It should be way more advanced. The way we do our music is the way we are able to look at those things.

FIST So you're not advocating Fascism ?

F.L.A. No not at all we're totally against that. I think it's strange that we do attract them at our gigs. It's boring. The average person in the audience already knows all these things so they don't need to be told all this political dogma.

FIST Who do you think you appeal to then ?

F.L.A. it's difficult to say. We don't try to appeal to anyone. We make music for ourselves and if people can relate to that then that's great.

FIST There is some message in the lyrics though ?

F.L.A. To a degree but we don't try and ram it down anybody's throat. We present our information, If they like it good. You get all these groups who say they are against political structure but then they lay out all this dogma and it's exactly what they are against.

FIST What motivates you then ?

F.L.A. It's what we do and it's the imagery we convey. The thing that motivates us is everyday life and constructing it into a sound collage for ourselves.

FIST What about people who motivated you then ?

F.L.A. Definetly, SPK, Throbbing Gristle, Portion Control.

FIST Where are you from ?

F.L.A. Vancouver, Canada. It's boring, the visuals 're nice. It had a scene in 84\85 but now it's becoming Hollywood North, because it looks prettier than L.A. It 's becoming more conservative, so the only thing for us to do is work on our music all the time. We entertain ourselves. As far as the people it's boring, everyone's complacent and happy to go in a straight line.

There're no extremes anymore. There use to be a prevalent hardcore scene in 81, but now it's faded into nothing. Ocean, mountain, trees it's beautiful, but dull.

FIST So how do you get motivated to do the music ?

F.L.A. It's what goes on in our heads. It's so boring that we get pissed off, go home and start programming, venting that out. There's just nothing happening. Don't these people realise. If we lived in a quieter place I'm sure our music would be even harder.

FIST You use dance rhythms. Do you use them because it's easier to communicate using that form ?

F.L.A. We don't care. We just do it. If people want to dance and if it suits them , that's great. We don't go out to write a dance song.

FIST You spoke earlier about SPK and Throbbing Gristle but you are more dance orientated than what they were doing.

F.L.A. Yes, it's difficult to explain. We like rhythms, something you can move to. Throbbing Gristle, I think the point behind them was to piss people off and SPK were a more extreme research unit.

Very intelligent people. We were also into Liaisons Dangereuses which many people considered dance music.

FIST Did you then try and put a message into dance music ?

F.L.A. In a way we try to infiltrate everything we can. Obviously we are aware that it will be played in clubs. I don't know if you are aware of this obscene show called "Cops". It's basically about cops in action so we use portions of that in "Isolate". I think it would be good for people to know this and tie this into the whole ideal. It's like a collage of information. We don't use repetition as a control mechanism, that would be a hypocrisy. We want people to think individually.

FIST Why do you use the militaristic imagery because Canada isn't known as a militaristic state ?

F.L.A. That's not the point. we don't give a fuck about what Canada does. Hopefully they'll do nothing and that'll suit us fine. It's not nationalistic. We just like the imagery.

FIST Are you pro or anti military ?

Neither, it's just there, it'll always be there so we accept it.

FIST The songs imply some sort of criticism.

F.L.A. Our attitude is that we are practically anti everything. We accept its existence but we don't like it but there again we don't like the other side.

FIST Which is ?

F.L.A. Complacency, suburbs, straight line thinking.

FIST But isn't that what the military aims to protect, mum and apple pie ?

F.L.A. Well it's like Fascism and Communism. Those two extremes aren't any different. The opposite of total war would be total complacency with a degree of total control, which would be the opposite of total chaos. We are against all of that.

FIST Where does that leave you, in a kind of misanthropic limbo ?

F.L.A. Me personally, I dislike human beings generally.

FIST So you would go out to MacDonald's and shoot away ?

F.L.A. I think about it but I wouldn't do it. That 's another hypocrisy because it would be a violation.

FIST What do you mean ?

F.L.A. My view is that people have to work it out for themselves and me going out to shoot somebody would be hypocrisy even though I would love to do it. Something in my brain would stop me.

FIST What gives you the impulse ?

F.L.A. Misanthropy

FIST Why ?

F.L.A. It's always been there since I've been a little kid.

FIST What, kill the bully ?

F.L.A. Yes but i want to kill a lot of other people also, speaking personally such as the bully and the bystander. There's not much different personally. It's a combination of that.

FIST So is the music a revenge.

F.L.A. Occasionally if you are playing live and people are throwing bottles and people hate it.

FIST Has that happened ?

F.L.A. Sometimes, but on a small scale. Mostly its gratification.

We are trying to do something constructive.

FIST Could you not do it commercially and make a lot of money out of it ?

F.L.A. I don't know. I have a feeling that our personal tastes would not appeal. That is impossible to predict.

FIST So what are you aiming for then ?

F.L.A. To take it as far as possible until it gets to a brick wall and then do something else.

FIST How would you define that end ?

F.L.A. When it becomes predictable because there would be no point. As long as its not the same drums, rhythms and samples. If I had my way we would use every sample once and never again. There are limitations with the technology but we are getting there.

FIST Where do you take your samples from ?

F.L.A. Mainly television, documentaries sometimes we just use the microphone around the house. You can put something into the Sampler nd manipulate it.

FIST That's what you're about then the manipulation of sound ?

F.L.A. Assimilation would be a better term than manipulation.

FIST But it's something more than selling disco records ?

F.L.A. We like to create something with a pulse that sounds as though it's moving, high speed. I'm not consciously thinking about funky cowbells. That'd be pathetic.

FIST Why do you think heavy metal is more popular than the sounds you make ?

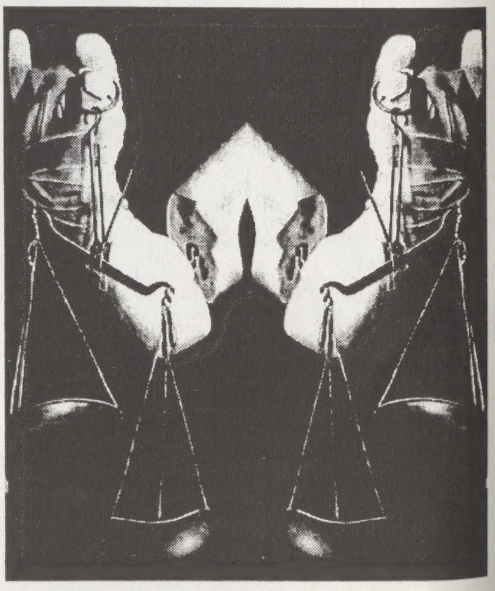
F.L.A. I don't know the music produces any surprises. It's just what people have grown up with and everybody is comfortable with it. The average person doesn't want to change but just keep things as they are. I never grew up with Heavy Metal, my parents were more hippy, into Kraftwerk and Psychedelic Music, personal taste I suppose. I always thought there was something more. That's why when I was younger I was into hardcore because I thought not everybody could be that hopeless. That's why I'm happy doing this because it is flowing for us now.

FIST So you've always use computers ?

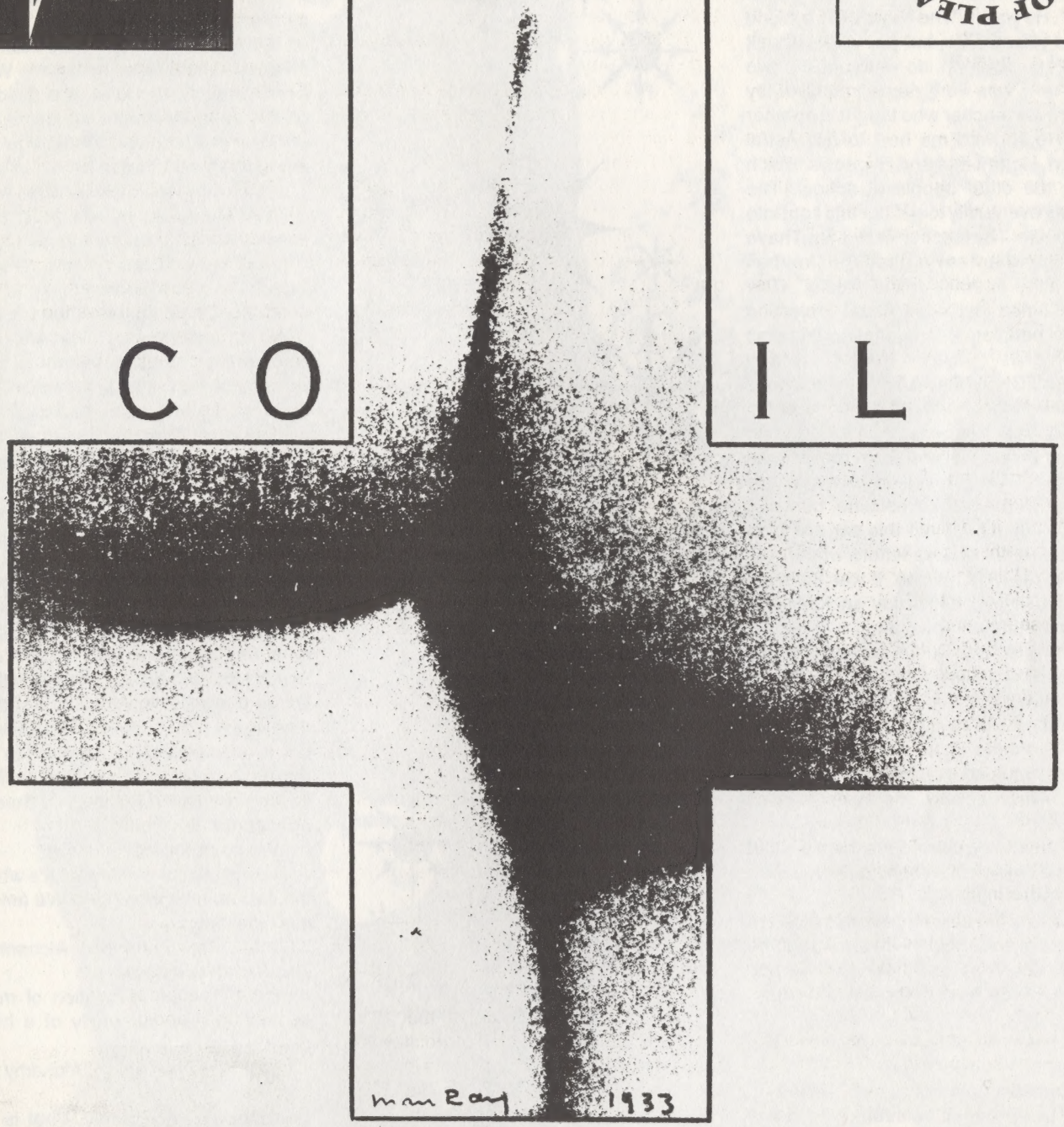
F.L.A. I started off with Analogue synthesisers. I only got into computers relatively recently, if that. The old Front Line stuff was a two digit read out. When I saw a computer I thought it was too confusing but when I sat down and overcame my fear I realised the potential. With the old analogue equipment it was so much hassle, you never know what's going to come out. Now we can sample them. When we go into the studio now we just do the vocals.

FIST Therefore the music that you do isn't in the popular domain. Are you elitist ?

F.L.A. Occasionally, sometimes I'm elitist, you can't bullshit. If you say you want to be around one person rather than another that it is a form of elitism. I would have to say I fall into that category. We don't make this music so that only a handful of elitists listen to it. It's difficult to say. Personally we are. A lot of people involved in extreme culture usually are. It's what we jokingly call our treefort syndrome. You know only the cool people can come in and play with us but you have to have your card saying you're cool otherwise go home. That's the extreme version such as organised Occult groups. People need an outlet so they need an organisation but it's such a fine line between being organised and hypocritical it's the same as us. The difference between preaching and presenting. We want to cause a reaction whatever it is whether people like us or hate us so long as they don't nod off.



BLACK SONS



FIST How did Coil form ?

COIL Jim Thirwell and I were invited to do the Equinox Event in 1981. We were going to do an installation that blew up hot air, a la Marilyn Monroe, as you walked across it. We never did it, that was officially Coil's first incarnation. After that it was me, John Gosling, with Sleazy engineering. We did a couple of cassettes as Zoskia and Coil. They were practically the same group then, as we played the same songs. Sleezy and I decided to carry it on. This was parallel with the early Psychic TV days. I can't remember the dates. We did our first piece the one sided 12 inch Album "How to Destroy Angels" in 1984.

FIST How did you meet up ?

COIL How did Sleazy and I meet ? I was a groupie. I used to write to Throbbing Gristle, a week after "The Second Annual Report". I regularly corresponded with Gen and Cosy. They used to phone me up at Boarding School. I'd be in prep and the phone would ring and they would go "It's Genesis P. Orridge for you on the phone". I'd be there for an hour because if he talked to you, he would be ages. I was his corrupted little schoolboy, I think. I was invited to "The Heathen Earth" Recording and I met Sleazy for the first time. I didn't say anything. I was there as jailbait I think for Sleaz. We met again later when I was living in Brighton. Eventually I moved up here.

FIST What were the initial ideas behind the group ?

COIL Youthful nihilism, we use to do posters stating that we were the "Archangels of Chaos" and "Dream Cycles in Perpetual Motion". Looking back on it some of the wordplay was clever, brutal poetry. A lot of people at the time said it inspired them. It was raw poetics. The whole scene was very nihilistic with Zoskia and Crystal, who is Steve Stapleton's partner, and AKE who became members of Skullflower. There was a DeathTrip type scene that was very creative.

It was the same time the club, "Skin Two", started. My membership number was twelve. That's where the whole scene operated from. It was very "Acid Speed", with seriously weird people running around. Nurse With Wound grew out of that scene and Jim Foetus fell into it but it wasn't a very sociable circle.

FIST Does your interest in magic pre date that time ?

COIL Yes, when I was at school I wrote to Alex Sanders known as the "King of the Witches". He was in "The News of The World ". He said you can join, but you've got to wait until you are eighteen, so write back in two years time. I was very much into Crowley then. I knew a teacher who taught in another School. He showed me how to do Astral Projection. I learnt that and Hypnosis, which I did on the other people at school. The authorities eventually found out and I got into a lot of trouble. The teacher lost his job. I have a letter somewhere saying that "Geoffrey has an unhealthy interest in the Occult". The School claimed that I was Astral Projecting into other peoples' heads, stating this was unhealthy...it was all totally insane.(LAUGHS). David Tomlinson who is the father in "Mary Poppins", his son went to school with me. We became involved in an unsavoury (occult) scandal. (In reality it did not exist). David Tomlinson came to the school in this big black limousine, bundling me out of the school into this car. He then demanded all these love letters written between this guy and his son. It was all in his imagination. He got this guy sacked. The authorities clamped down and I was wasn't allowed any of my Occult books. For six years it was all put on hold.

FIST How did that interest come about ?

COIL It runs in families, hereditary.

FIST From this interest comes the symbolism that you use in your work ?

COIL Artists always use symbols don't they ?

FIST Well some people use them without having the knowledge behind them, then they are meaningless.

COIL Unfortunately we have this problem where people ask about the meaning behind the symbols. They are there and we use them. We are not here to explain it to everybody else.

If you have to explain a symbol then it can lose some of its power.

It becomes a statement which is different.

FIST Symbols can be interpreted in any manner though.

COIL Yes but that is not our problem. The fact is that we are using them correctly for the right purpose. Our magic is for us and channelled through the music.

If people are in tune with what we do, they will probably interpret things as we originally meant them. The fools will see foolish things and the good people will carry it through to their own realms. We do our research and we are true to what we are bringing forth. I mean that in all senses of the word. The powers that we are shifting around with means that we are not playing, these are not games.

FIST Do you have much contact with your audience ?

COIL I don't know who it is. We have a hell of a lot of people writing to us. After an album we receive about a hundred letters a week. It is difficult because you start answering them and then they answer back. You get further and further and then you realise that you haven't enough time for doing what is important. We like to keep a distance. We have to keep a certain distance.

FIST Do you have people looking for you as some sort of guidance ?

COIL We give them a booklist or something and show them the library. We are not here to teach. If you start a dialogue then people send you reams of poems and it can go on for ever. t doesn't matter how good they are. I don't want that to be our role.

I wish they would publish their work themselves. There again I do keep asking for specific things to be sent to us.

FIST How did the interest in the symbolism of The Black Sun come about ?

COIL Originally we chose it as a Coil Symbol from a Crowley book. After that it kept coming back at us. It seems to be getting bigger. It's what I decided to call a Millennium Emblem. It's rooted in Alchemy, and as a symbol of Nihilism, sado surrealism.

FIST Why do you think others have picked up on it ?

COIL Because it is a good a symbol. It's not negative solar energy but the other side, Dream Energy.

FIST You have mentioned previously that "All About Eve " used it.

COIL All the single covers of the Shamen have had that spiky ball thing. It's another manifestation. The guy who does the graphics for them knows Coil's work from a long time ago. I'm not saying they have stolen it but it is the current of now. I'm trying to reclaim it. I want to do a book of the Black Sun so that we can have it all in there, as we opened the door for it.

We open too many doors.

I don't mind the pilfering. It's what comes through that I worry about. We are the Cosmic Door Stops.

FIST You mentioned Alchemy earlier. How would you define it ?

COIL The transmutation of matter into something else, hopefully of a higher frequency.

FIST Can you have "Alchemy of Sound " ?

COIL Yes absolutely. That is what we work with. We don't deal with physical materials. Sound is sometimes a physical thing.

Adi of Clock DVA mentions this. I'll let him write it down and I'll agree. He is very good at writing tracts and manifestos.

FIST You mention rituals often. How important do you think they are ?

COIL The parameters shift all the time. I don't know what I mean by it, other than as a deliberate act which goes go against normal instincts to make a new set of circumstances. Alternatively helping oneself create a new place... a new mental space. You have to break the confines of the modern world, such as shopping and cleaning. They are not

rituals in themselves but you can create rituals out of them. The intention is that you must want to create something new, which make your actions a ritual. That is where magic comes in, you do, what to anybody's naked eye are bizarre archaic absurd hand gestures and guttural vocalisations. Yet for you internally it creates a new space, allowing you to move forward. In that sense it is a private act.

FIST In another sense it can be like "Trooping the Colour". It's a different ritual from what you are articulating though ?

COIL For some people "Trooping the Colour" is an important mainstay of their life. I'm not interested in it. Saying a prayer before dinner may makes it sacred, for some people that is important. I can go along with that in a way, everything should be sacred.

FIST Sometimes Rituals are like those portrayed in the film "The Last Emperor".

COIL To the Westerner they could be seen as that ?

FIST I meant in terms of the economics. The rituals kept a system going that was oppressive.

COIL I don't know if they are rituals then, maybe they are just for bad. They don't have to serve the good of the self.

FIST What do the rituals do ?

COIL Whatever you want, you have to be more specific.

FIST You spoke earlier about breaking down the norm in terms of shopping.

COIL You have to break out of the norm and then you'll do something different, like carving a new mannerism.

FIST That could just be a coping mechanism ?

COIL Of course it can. Everything in the world is a mental construct. Rituals should stand out as being above and beyond the normal mental constructs you make to survive going to Sainsbury's. (LAUGHS).

FIST I notice you have a Colin Wilson book.

COIL I'm going to throw that out. I don't like him at all.

FIST He makes the point about hidden human faculties which he terms Factor X.

COIL He's a cut and paste journalist.

FIST He makes the important point though of altering your consciousness.

COIL It's just a different mindset. There are individual ones and groups. We went to Guy Fawkes Day in Lewes where they have a major Fire Ceremony which has become an Anti Papal Event now. They have effigies of the Pope and the Police. It's brilliant. You can see the primal energy coming through and it transfigured us. We came back vibrant thinking this is good why don't they have this everywhere.

Even there the police are trying to put an end to it because it is so anarchic. People roll barrels of Tar down the main High St. It's well worth a visit. A mass ritual, I don't know what the purpose is, just to break out of the mundane.

FIST There is that differentiation between those practices that uphold the State and those that break it.

COIL There are as many types of Ritual as there are people in the world. There are those designs to keep you in your place and those that allow you to break out. That is where magic comes in because it allows you to transcend, or side step logical configurations of living.

FIST How though ?

COIL That's where Coil, Clock DVA, Surrealism, DaDa came in.

FIST It is difficult, I suppose it would have do with the puncturing of the norm.

COIL The Surrealists only punctured the bourgeoisie. They were aiming at a very refined art market. People went along wanting to buy some wonderful fin de siecle art and got a urinal instead, or a picture of a young girl licking a pebble, which they weren't into. It only worked at a targeted market. We can't expect to do much more than that. We are not mass media terrorists and we're not going to be in this State.

FIST Why ?

COIL because I don't want to be a martyr. I've come close to it a few times. I'll stand up for what I believe in but I don't want to go out on a limb just to prove a point. Maybe I will but I'm not going to say it now, otherwise it'll forewarn them. (LAUGHS)

It's a bit like the surrealist movement, they managed to paint pictures and do sculptures of things they saw in their heads. With music you're trying to create sounds and deal with images. We create other realities. The surrealists only worked in the first six months of forming, then they became art product.

FIST Stardom beckoned.

COIL They became stars, but it's a nice thing to be paid for your dreams. That's also when it's ferocious importance disappeared. You just become products, a commodity, however strange or offbeat it is. It becomes perceived like that. Maybe that has happened to us ?

FIST Do you think you've escaped that ?

COIL To some extent because we've never sold that much. We are borderline, outside of the mainstream. We still have an insidious quality, because we are still fresh to people. We aren't over exposed. That is always a danger.

FIST You don't seem to get much press at all.

COIL (LAUGHS) That's another way of looking at it. They won't talk to us. I think we're too strong a meat. We'll do interviews. Four years ago we did a Halloween special where our feature was to be the main one, with Jack Barron interviewing us. We stayed up till two in the morning, doing Ghost Photos here. They went away saying it was brilliant, but Danny Kelly the editor of the time, said that they couldn't put the article in because it was too strong, too real. That's the case we've had all along. We're too direct. They want Billy Bragg in New Orleans, getting drunk and talking about seeing a chicken being decapitated, tourism. They can deal with that, or they have a feature on Kirsty McColls' Granny, who reads tea leaves. It's my mistake to think they were interested. It's just crap. In that sense we'll always be outside the media. It's unfortunate for us.

FIST Is it self censorship on their part then ?

COIL They're just not interested. Why should they be, and go out on a limb to take a risk. They're not on our frequency. People such as Diamanda Galas,Mark Stewart and Philip Glass are. They very rarely say it, only to us when we meet them, but not in interviews, maybe because they realise it is futile (LAUGHS). I often get paranoid about that. I see a list of records that people like and I often think that the journalists crossed out Coil. We don't fit into what they are normal and happy with.

FIST Are you more acclaimed in other countries ?

COIL Yes, in Holland. Journalists have flown over to see us. On the West Coast of America we even get recognised. This even happened when some guy was serving us breakfast.

FIST Do you get more exposure in those places ?

COIL I think so, we are more on their frequency.

FIST How important is your sexuality to the music ?

COIL It's important when it becomes so. I don't set out to write "ram 'em down you throat" songs or anything. Pardon the pun. I can't really answer that. We are aiming an effort to do some sexually confrontational type songs. We have neglected that. it hasn't been that important. If people ask, we tell them. I don't

volunteer my sexual habits to people.

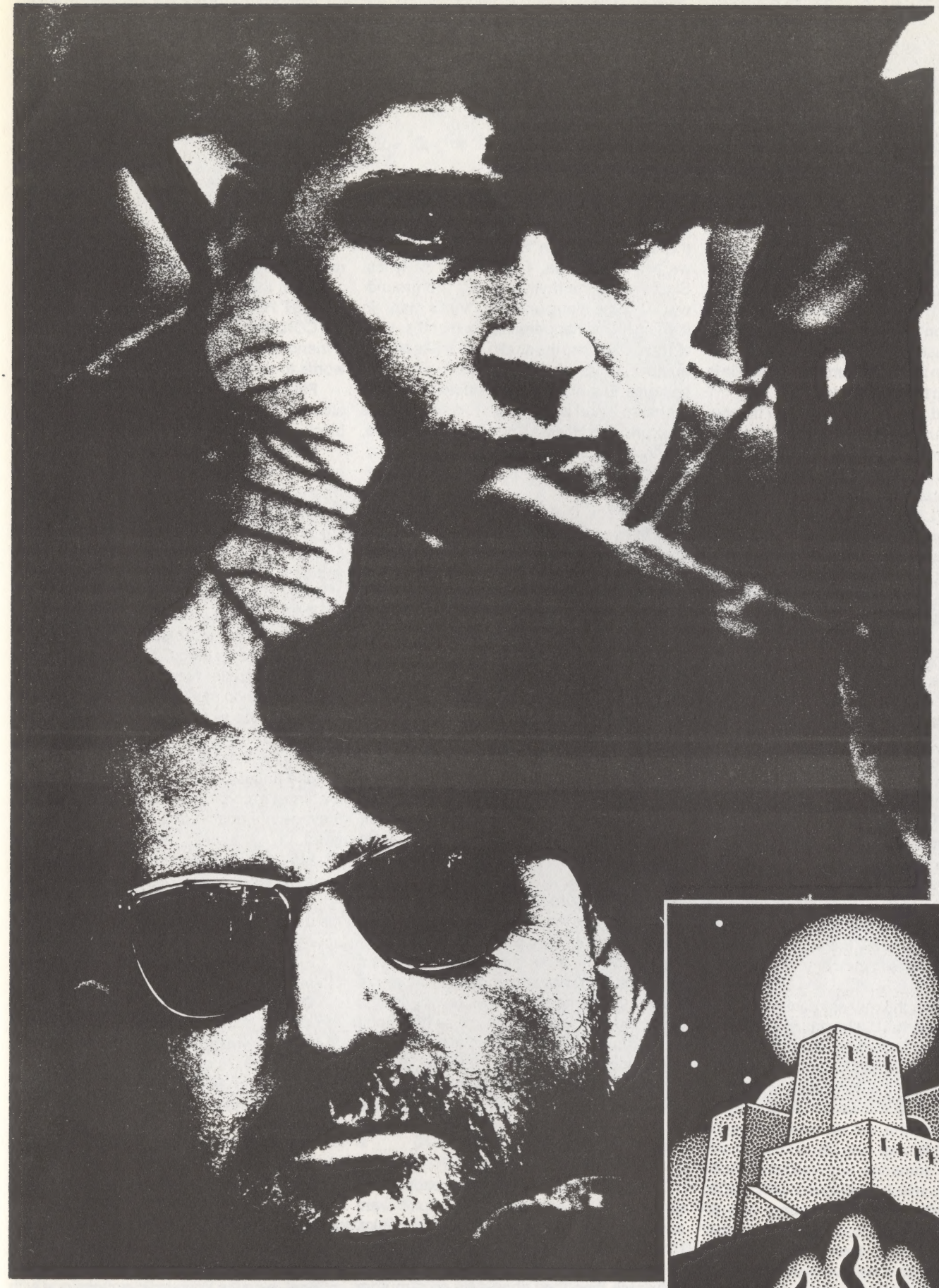
FIST I wasn't thinking in terms of gossip. There is a stereotype of gay music based on high energy disco ?

COIL Yes exactly, Jimmy Somerville is the fairy on top of the cake. I'm not interested in that. Maybe it's his particular flaunting of it. It's the same with Andy Bell (of Erasure) I dislike their all pervading obviousness and the homogenity that their music causes. It's the safe alternative. It's just put to music, a safe soundtrack for shopping to. Being politically correct I shouldn't, because they re seen by teenage boys in Humberside as role models, thereby allowing them the strength to come out. I'm not interested in those performers.

FIST They are stereotypes ?

COIL They are, but that is sometimes useful. They serve a purpose, but it doesn't mean I should get on with them. I'd prefer some ambiguity, mystery and subtlety in my sexuality. It's bound to influence you to a certain extent, because it is who you are. It's only a small part of you.

SLEAZY I think that anyone who uses a stereotype...it's the same as someone who uses a cliche in writing, for me, it's laziness, just for convenience. I don't think that people ought to do that. They ought to be more creative... more themselves. On the other side of the coin I think that there are a lot of people in the music business who are gay, and it is well known that they are, who hold



back from acting as role models to hundreds of people.

JB You're talking role models are you ?

SLEAZY Yes, absolutely.

JB If they came out as gay, it would be more beneficial for pan sexuality. If everyone found out that half the people in the charts were queer then a lot of defences would crumble. I remember when I was at school and I told this rugger bugger that Elton John was a homosexual. He punched me in the face and stomach, then pissed on my bed. It devastated him. If all the gay people came out there'd be bit of violence buy they'd realise they're fighting an illusion.

SLEAZY That's what I'm trying to say.

JB You don't have to be such an obvious role model, just be honest. Role models are one step down from that. Jimmy Somerville is one and I don't like the style of it.

FIST Mind you, the person who hit you, their behaviour was bizarre.

COIL Coming to terms with Elton John being gay, as if anyone didn't know anyway. I'm more embarrassed by the fact that he didn't notice.(LAUGHS)

FIST So you've attempted to break that stereotype then ?

COIL Not at all, we've just been very honest to the point of transparency. It's so obvious what we are that people can see clear through it. You have to say "I am Gay", on your photos or T-Shirts otherwise people don't realise. I mean Slur from Horse Rotovator is all bout me being rogered on the outskirts of Marakesh whilst being stoned on majoun Anal Staircase is all about Alchemy, Anal Sex and stuff. Enough people have picked up on it for us. We don't have pink triangles tattooed on our foreheads or anything.

FIST From the people who like you, is the response mixed ?

COIL Certain people don't care what you are.

FIST In reference to cut up techniques how do you differentiate the work that you do from what happens in the commercial arena ?

COIL Although I feel spiritually indebted to cut ups I think that the mythology of the cut up is lazy and inaccurate, shallowly observed. It's a trend now and it should be fresh and revolutionary. Brion Gysin said, when you see things, you see it as a cut up. Saying Gysin invented the cut up and Burroughs developed it, is crap. Da Da did cut up collages. Once someone has validated those ideas as art, which happened with DaDa, then the fragmentation of imagery was allowed. Before that you had to paint a "proper picture." If it wasn't, then it was seen as incomplete. Once it was validated as Art, it entered the mainstream. Now it is everywhere. In adverts you don't have a picture that makes sense, you have a barrage of images. This is supposed to reflect the turmoil of the modern world. It is a cut up without meaning. The original intentions of cut ups were, if we go back to Burroughs and Gysin, to allow the future to leak through. They were spells, rituals and magical maps with which to break up reality. That was their intention and their result. On "Loves Secret Domain" we made a deliberate attempt to get back to magical cut ups. We chose from carefully selected sources, transferring them onto a quarter inch tape. We then pieced them together as a Chaos Generator.

FIST How do you work on your song structure ?

COIL That is an infinite question.

FIST There is no particular way. We don't jam in the studio very often but stuff like "At the Heart of It All" on "Scatology" was. There were no overdubs. I have tons of lyrics. Sleezy does the rhythm tracks, the groundwork. I come along and say, "that's crap, do it again." This happens for six months, then we quickly go into the studio and make a song about it. That is why we can't play live, because it is made in the studio. We can't rehearse it and we can't reproduce it. There is surprisingly little wastage from what we do, mainly because we can't afford to.

FIST Do you work from an idea beforehand ?

COIL Yes, that is always the first thing. I have titles and ideas. I say I want to do a song about so and so, then we do it. I'm obsessed with trees at the moment. I'm sick of humanity and what it has built, especially cars. By now we should have thought of another alternative. I want trams and horses back, or bicycles. Society is in such a decline I am willing to opt out if I can. Burroughs lives in a small bungalow in Kansas. He doesn't cycle because he'd fall off, but he has his cats and he does anti hunting stuff. Even though he has guns he doesn't go hunting with them. He cares about trees and nature. You find people like Manson saying exactly the same thing. We should have clean rivers and air and not so many kids. When I turn on the tele it's full of programmes about problems with blocked fallopian tubes, cot deaths and babies. There are very few shows that talk about contraception. I've thought about going onto one of those programmes and saying that you should keep the kid you have and care for it. Don't have anymore and tell you're friends the same thing. This is why I think Gays and Lesbians are radical as they don't have kids. They've opted out of that genetic trap. People think, if you don't have kids then you don't believe in human life or what ever. It's totally the wrong way round. They do care so much, they've decided not to have children.

FIST Are you misanthropic ?

COIL Not really, because the people who are here, I care about. I just don't want anymore. This is where I start getting cranky. I think that a tree has just as much as right to be here as a person. I think if someone kills a Dolphin then they should be on a murder charge. I do however eat meat, it's because I'm fucked up. Ideally I know I shouldn't. When I went to America I couldn't get over how the country is one slab of flesh. We went to one restaurant which had Cows horns on the door. It resembled some charnel house, Auschwitz, the stench of flesh, with these people eating huge twenty five pounders. Their guts must've been solid. They'll end up with Mad Cows Disease, the whole planet will be foaming at the mouth. Then Nature will have it's revenge. I can't get into hating everybody, it takes too much energy but I'll give as good as I get on a good day.

FIST That seems to balanced out by your involvement with ACT UP ?

COIL I laid on the floor and I was arrested. It was the least I could do.

FIST Have any of those ideas found their way into your music ?

COIL We're going to do a queer disco record. We've got William Burroughs to work on it with us.

FIST How did you rope him in then ?

COIL We didn't rope him for anything he's a friend of ours. We got him to speak some words to do a magical cut up.

FIST How come there was a gap between albums ? Is it because you had a mental block ?

COIL Mental breakdown more like. I haven't been very well up top really. I had what I'd call a shamanic experience. I've been out of circulation since November, coming to terms with it. There's no point going back when you do something that drastic to yourself using hallucinogens.

FIST Did you try to bring it on ?

COIL I did yes. I realised it the other day. In October 92 we had this phrase "God Please Fuck My Mind for Good", which was going to be our album title. I realise now I was doing that, I'm demonised. I can see them everywhere. It's the same phenomena as Austin Spare, the Artist. He said he could see the dead all the time. I know what he means. It's just the ancestors, they are in the fabric, all the time. I'm coming to terms with the fact that they are not hostile and to use them for my good.

FIST So you are coming to terms with another reality ?

COIL Which I let flood in. It happened to me before when I was at school. I remember seeing all sorts of shit then.

FIST The same concept as doing alchemy isn't it ?

COIL Of a sort, so long as it transmutes in the right direction.

FIST Do you do much stuff outside of Coil ? I know that Peter does.

COIL I do as much as I'm asked. I do scripts for Sleazy but it bores me doing Video Stuff now.

FIST Why ?

COIL I'm just not interested in people filming saying "OK lovey get that spot over there." Or band members getting nervous so they put make up on for three hours and snort their coke. We did the Gavin Friday Video, "Falling Off the Edge of the World". That was brilliant, also the William Burroughs one with Ministry.

FIST What you're saying is that you enjoy it more if the people are on your frequency .

COIL Yes.

FIST You spoke earlier how the media had ignored you. Have you ever been outrightly censored ?

COIL With the NME article yes but it's

more behind the scenes censorship which is worse, because it never comes out that you were censored. It's great to be banned for sales and publicity.

FIST I suppose it happened to you with the music for "Hellraiser".

COIL Yes we weren't deemed suitable. It's a fine line because it's not censorship as such. It wasn't as if they were saying we must stop this filth.

FIST If they had have done then you could have received the publicity from it.

COIL The "Unreleased Hellraiser theme" is good enough. Clive Barker has to autograph them at his signing sessions.(LAUGHS)

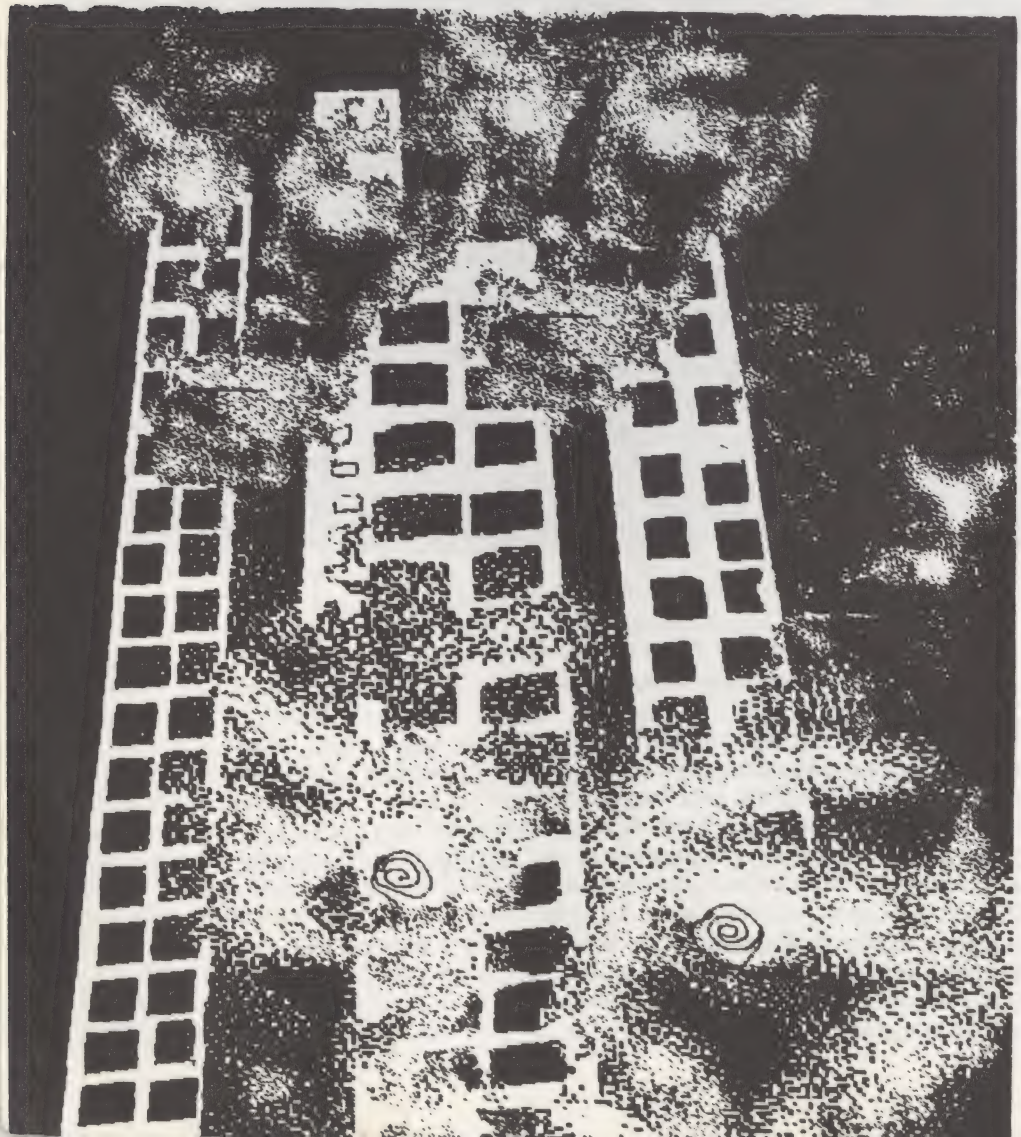
FIST What are your future developments?

COIL The next album will be called "International Dark Sky's". There is a campaign by Astronomers,Mystics and Philosophers to have light pollution reduced so we can see the Stars again.

FIST I suppose psychologically it makes people more inward looking ?

COIL Yes if you can't see, there will be a huge loss of spirituality. It's our right to see the stars what ever you make out of them. Street lights should have a lid on them to beam the light down. It's a waste. It's alright people saying that they need it otherwise they'll get raped. It's not going to happen mid air, at tree level. If you beam it down it is more effective anyway.

ONLY FOOLS BLEED



" Can you put me through to Income Support"

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait, the number's engaged", the female voice replied,

"Can you hold or will you call back later?"

"Look love, I' ve only got three credits left, I've got to get through, me money ain't come through."

"Well would you like to call back again later".

"How long must I wait?"

I don't know, please make up your mind

Vivaldi poured out of the phone in all its music for pleasure glory. A tinny blast that ticked away his remaining money. Outside the phone box, a face pressed up against the glass.

"Have you finished yet mate, takin' yer fuckin time, there's a queue 'ere you know'

Looking out of the window, a moment of panic glued to him were five hard set angry faces standing, tensed.

In his ear the Four Seasons blasted, whilst outside the weather began to swirl the debris of Burger King wrappers, fag packets and dust into the standing figures.

He pretended to talk into the phone, while his credits ticked away, the last of his pennies used to buy a phonecard. Well you get less hassle. No one ever used those things. Now it looked as if everyone had the same idea.

Yer mum how're you? I'm havin' a great

time? Still ain't got my money thro' from the fuckers, that's why I'm callin' you, yes yes, they're lying bastards we all 'ate 'em, should string up the useless gits only the thing is you can never get hold of 'em they're never there, on courses, off sick or holiday.

That fuckin music where'd they get it from. Shit I've never 'eard such crap since we were slumped watchin' that Horse Jumpin' program cos no one could find the Remote Control to turn over.

She went to speak and heard the mutterings babbling into her ears.

Not another loony, no wonder they can't get jobs and have to rely upon the state...oh my god just listen to him go on...it's shocking.

She wondered whether to brake into his monologue and tell him...but she didn't know what to say. It was obvious he did not know she was listening, but even so, she did not have to sit all day and listen to this abuse...this job was too much...the phone clicked off as his call was held. I pity whoever deals with these people, it 's bad enough listening to this...god knows what they say when they get through.

"I'm sorry sir the lines still engaged would you still like to hold ?"

They must get things dealt with quickly because the Telecom board in front of her reminded her of the old fashioned fairground with its hundreds of flashing lights. Each inching its way to the claims officer. Or it could be like that TV programme she'd seen about that man called Darwin but she couldn't remember the details...well the box is in one ear and then whistles its way out of the other

The phone went dead. His phone card ejected with a loud click.

"Oi you finished, hurry up"

Fuck it I've ran out of credits, that phone card's useless...a waste, I could've bought some fags instead.

He booted the stand and smashed his fist into the blue buttons. A numbness spread up his leg as he felt his toes crumple under the force. The machine held rigid, oblivious to the futility of the skin and bone grinding into the plastic and metal. Little drops of blood smeared themselves over the chrome polish.

He put down the phone and braved the hostile elements outside.One of whom shouted:

Took your fuckin' time cunt, me baby's dyin' and I need that phone quick to get a doctor...I wanna be next.

Wait yer turn love, don't try and push in

Ere there's blood over the numbers. You ain't been shooting up in 'ere you dirty bastard.

A thick surge of anger choked his throat and shook his nervous system, feeling to pick up the baby and smash its head on the hard grey concrete that obsessed them. Stopping to breathe, to regain some self control, a battle raged within him to go back and murder or to walk on.

Meanwhile the queue had turned its attention on the woman in the box. As he finally decided to walk away, he heard people jeerin', shoutin for her to finish.

"Come on man, I'm fuckin' cold, move it".

What am I gonna do now, no fuckin money. I can't be bothered to spend all day down the dole.

It was midday and as he walked through the estate. He was tagged by bits of plastic which trying to wrap themselves around his feet. Up in one of the blocks a blast of Mighty Diamonds played to the dull overcast sky. Coming out of the Spanish Galleon were the twelve o' clock drunks, cans of Tenants Super in hand, staggering into the wind. It was Thursday, Giro day, for some. One of the drunks fell on the concrete floor, headfirst. A small puddle began to trickle from his forehead.

Shit the fuckers done for. Better go over and see if he needs some help. What a mess, he's spilt his can... turn 'im over...that's it...see if he's got some money...shit one of his mates's comin' over.

"Oi leave 'im alone".

I'm only 'elpin, 'e's fell over an' 'urt 'is 'ead.

Keep away from 'is money I saw you, Ey Nick, Ted come over 'ere, this punks tryin' to roll Burt for 'is Giro.

Shut your fuckin mouth, you old cunt or I'll brain yer

Come on then, I'll take you on any time.

I don't know what happened...it was the stoked up fury... the other two didn't 'ave time to come over. I drop kicked the old man...he collapsed on the floor groanin'. I chopped 'im in the neck...all that came out was a gurglin ' noise. I rifled his pockets and found some change. Apart from a few coins it had all been spent. I legged it. His mate were too pissed an' scared to look after the two bodies.

Fuckin fifty p, enough for a bag of chips...well at least it'll kill the pain.

He wandered over to the Estate chippy, over the way he saw a blue flashing light. In front of the shopping arcade, a group of kids dressed in the Estate uniform of baggy Pepe jeans, kickers and tied died tops were assembled.

"Ere mate want some skag, twenty pound bag? Good stuff."

Looking at the mean little face of the nine year old pusher, he saw someone who made more in an hour than he got off the state in a week. The kids only a front, under age to be done. His older brother 'll be about somewhere to do the minding.

Still he was a fuckin little creep, he felt like fillin his face in, only he noticed the older kids eyein' him up, tryin' to work out if he was the filth.

"No mate, not my scene."

"Well pal, you should get hip".

Ignoring the taunt he made his way to the chippy and ordered a bag of chips. His guts rumbled with pleasure at the thought of the meal. The kids were too busy selling to notice him make his way out.

Those chips 're gonna 'ave to last... I need some money, must go down the dole office and sort meself out.

He wandered down to the grey drab building. Outside were some Drake estate kids in their hike boots, flared 501's and Armani shirts.

"Want some skag mate...some rocks?"

"No thanks"

They laughed

"Didn't think so, somehow you just aint cool."

What's wrong with all these jokers...I don't want that shit I've got enough problems without an 'abit. Nearly everyone seems to be on it. Suppose it kills the time...couldn't afford it. Should've stayed in Sidcup with that bird, don't get hassled there. A bit of puff now and again. It don't do you any 'arm.

When he arrived at the building he noticed the queue, maybe thirty people lined up. Security guards at the front carrying walkie talkies.

"One at a time, man".

Turning to the hunched figure in front, he asked what the queue was.

It's the new system. They changed it last week. We're waitin for a ticket so they can call us up to be seen.

I'm a bit late, don't know whether they'll see us today, there's a load in there already. Bleedin' liberty makin' us stand out 'ere

"I don't know what the fuckin problem is...

they usually send me a Giro staight off every week but this week they aint bothered and I can't get through to 'em"

"Well I wouldn't get too excited about seeing them today if I were you. There must be about two hundred in there already afore us. Thats why the guards are there. They 've closed the doors."

The coldness of the day wormed its way under his clothes , through his flesh into his bone marrow. His body shifted position in an effort to find stumulation, but the boredom of waiting helped to switch off. His mind wandered to the glory days of Millwall.

He should never have played Davidson in that position, those fuckin' northeners will be all over them...no money for the game this Saturday if they don't pay me today...there's that Michelle that I went to school with...she looks a state...3 kids, she must have been going some, same age as me, 19...bit fuckin' fat...she looked alright then...there's Lindo, he's always been a prat, what's he doin' 'ere...hang on I know all those birds down there...aint seen for three years...looks as though they don't get out much, sixteen kids between five of 'em...ain't they 'eard of contraception...reminds me when that fag of a science teacher blew up a Johnny in a lesson...Best asked him which end he wore it...the sight of his face must 'ave put those birds off for life ...mind you who'd wanna ump 'em now I dunno...at least w'ere beginning to move, maybe they'll see me today...reckon I can scrounge some money to see me through...enough to get some fags, a tin of beans and a loaf...might go down the Riverdale and try 'n' lift 'em.

The queue was painfully absorbed into grey fabric of the building. At last he entered.

" Take a ticket and wait till they call yer number."

45C...what they on now...89B...what's that 11 and 45...56...Each one takes 5 minutes, thats 250 minutes,4 fuckin' hours before they see me...hang on there's four cubicles...so what do I do...divide by four, that's an hour wait. Shit I've never seen so many of those old birds I went to school with...Looks like an epidemic has hit 'em. This is the pits. It's alot easier workin', than waitin for these fuckers to pay out. That's all I want, a job on a site. Three hundred a week to go on the shovel...wouldn't mind that. Better than the few quids you get of these tossers

"Hello Gary. what you doing 'ere, ain't seen yer for ages, keep yerself indoors".

Looking up at the face he recognised Michelle from school

"I'm alright, ain't been out much, cos I ain't got the money, how about you".

"OK, can't grumble too much, my Mickeys been put away so things are a bit of a struggle for me and the kids"

"Oh yes what happened ?"

"He got done for dealing, got five years, thats why I'm 'ere, to see if they're gonna give me my fare to see him"

"Mickey a dealer, how come".

"Well after they closed down the Surrey Quays Macdonalds, he were out of work for two years and got into it then. He took away the car,tele,carpets,everything to pay for his habit. Then the court said they had to freeze his assets, now they just freeze me and the kids in winter. Ain't got any fags ave you?

"No spent all me money on a fuckin phone card this mornin' tryin' to call 'ere. Would 'ave got more for me money if I had of smoked it".

"Mum when we going home, I'm bored"

"Soon love, where's Debbie and Cheryl"

Looking across the battleship grey room to tiny figures reeling out metres of numbered ticker tape, whilst bored listless onlookers smoked on. No one stirred except for the numbers clicking up on the board.

"Oi you two pack that in or I'll break your bleedin' hands"

"No".

"I'll give you no showing me up like that. When I say come 'ere I mean come 'ere",

Moving towards the two children Michelle grabbed hold Of Debbie and cracked her across the back of the legs. The other child was administered the same dose of frustration.

The waiting room was lit up with the wails of the two children

"If you cry some more you'll get another one"

"This is boring...why did mum hurt me...I want to go home...mum I hate you...I wanna to watch the Turtles... Don't like it here... stinks...these people smell... tall and ugly...please, lets go

"Oi mate, gotta spare fag"

Not so bad, that was easy...knew he'd give me one...this is a lot better...think I can cope with the boredom now...look at those faces...god those birds look old...those old women and men, must be worse for them...can't even get a job on the side...I'd hate to be old...must be like sitting in this dole office every day...instead of waiting for your Giro...your waiting for the hearse to come.

"Could numbers 40 to 49C please come into the office please"

Thats me, gotta be quick...every other cunt is rushing to be first through that narrow door...shit those wallies have got themselves stuck.

"Help me mate, can you push".

"Yes sure, what you trying to do, throw a fuck into the door"

"What the fuck you on about, you trying to be funny".

"No offence mate, but you do look a sight".

All three fell into the Waiting Room. Behind the glass wire mesh in four cubicles were animated faces explaining to the slumped bodies in front of them the procedure.

They picked themselves up, totally ignored by the other seven impassive faces waiting for the dregs of the last batch to finish their business and go.

Slumping into the seat, the posters on the wall, golden with age boasted of slick name changes for ever dwindling benefits. No one spoke apart from the drones of woe buzzing from the cubicles. Tales of misplaced Giros, non existing family credit, refused loans, meshed with dead spouses and deserted husbands. All of this echoed with school based lies of promised jobs fumbling into training schemes evaporating into a green Girocheque. A cloud of fatigue hovered over each incumbent, mocking their pathetic ragged stories, guffawing into smothered hands.

"Number 45, this way"

His heart began to pound into his soaking shirt.

"Have you got your ticket ?"

"Yes it is here,"
Handing over the creased paper that gave him an identity for the day.

"What can we do?"

"Well my Giro has not come, it was due yesterday and I've got no money and I'm starving".

"What's your name ?"

"Gary Smedley".

"Address ?"

13 Victory Way, Mountbatten Rd. SE8.

Do you know your National Insurance number?"

"Er yes it is NB 13 69 23 X"

"Hold on one moment please"

The woman behind the perspex screen tapped into the keys of the computer.

"It was sent out as normal, you should be receiving it either today or tomorrow".

"Well how come I did not get it when I usually do?"

"There has been a computer breakdown in Belfast, it's nothing to do with us, you'll just have to wait. If it's lost you'll have to fill in a form and there will be an investigation. Is that alright ?.

"Yes but what do I do in the meantime, I've got no fuckin' money?"

"I'm sorry but swearing at me is not going to help you, there has been a computer breakdown and it has been out of our control".

"You mean I've got to sit around and starve because of a fuckin' computer, can't you give me something now?"

"Your Giro is on its way, we can't give you an over the counter payment it is against regulations and Office Policy".

"Yeah but what am I gonna eat? How about a Crisis Loan ?"

"I'm sorry but there's nothin that I can do. You can fill in a form for one but it'll 'ave to be processed next week".

"Well fuck you, you stupid bitch. If you ain't gonna give me some money then I'm gonna get it somewhere else".

A spasm rocked within him, a drill tore through the lining of his gut, shaking the bones in his fingers, the whole dull lifeless waiting room glowed as his hands pummelled the glass screen that seperated the two bodies. The woman scrambled from her position, shouting for help. The security guards stayed back mocking the impotent figure with a sly wink, waiting for his strength to wither so they could escort him to the door. They weren't payed enough to do anything else. The others in the room looked on impatiently, waiting for their turn. The swollen bleeding handles buckled before the reinforced glass. Getting up, humiliated in his anger he strode to the door out. Eyes scraping the floor, he left. Outside in the embers of daylight tears welled into his eyes, his brain a turmoil of fragments.Then the day bit into him, the coldness winding its way through his clothes, whilst his hand began to throb with plastic grills and buttons.

Walking back to the Estate, his body rigid with anger, trying to choke down thoughts of retribution.

Matches that's what I need, paraffin or petrol...milk bottle...how will I get it in...no chance with those guards and they've got bars on the windows...I'll do it this evening...but none of those bastards will be there...too fuckin' bad...at least they won't have a job either...they'll be signin' on with the rest of us and then they'll know...

He moved up Creek Rd oblivious to the passing cars only a drumming in his brain and a feeling of nausea in his stomach from the chips. He ddin't see them until it was too late.

"Would you like to step this way son ?"

"Ey ?"

"We want you to step off the pavement so that we can have a word"

A piece of plastic was flashed in front of his face and he caught the insignia of the Met.

Shit...what the fuck do they want...what have I been up to they can nail me for...Maybe the fuckin dole 've called ;em out already.

"Yerr, what you want?"

"We want to know where you last evenin' son ?"

"Why?"

"We ask the questions around 'ere. You just answer 'em. Turn out your pockets !"

Looking at the two faces... jesus what a pair of frighteners, the one askin' the questions was a dead ringer for a pig with a caterpillar crawling across its face, the other looked like a ratchet where someone had stretched a piece of flesh that was half of what was needed.

Should I run for it...shall I stay...what's in me pockets...no money, that's for a start...no drugs...what'd they want?

Turning out his pockets he displayed the contents to the two eager faces.

"What have we got 'ere then ?"

"They're gloves, what do you think they are?"

"Cocky little cunt aren't you", said the tool.

"Maybe you'd like to come with us and answer a few questions about your whereabouts last night and while you are at it you can explain to us how you got those marks on your hand", sprouted the muscle with the huge brush that hung limply beneath a snout.

"I was watchin tele in me flat, you ain't got nothin' on me, let me go"

"Now we ain't so sure about that. You have the right to remain silent anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you. Get in the car. We're takin' you in.

"What's the charge?"

"Suspicion of takin a vehicle without the owners consent".

"Knickin a car to you, you little toe rag".

"But I ain't done nuthin'"

"Shut up you little cunt, we'll decide that".

Hand shoved halfway up his back he was escorted back to the unmarked police car and driven to Ladywell Police Station.

"This way son, sit yourself down, the Station Sergeant'll see to you in a minute".

"Sarge, we've got another hotwire 'ere".

"Ok Sir I'll be with 'im in a minute".

"Take your time, he ain't going anywhere".

Shit this is all I fuckin need, I'm starvin'...they won't feed me till tomorrow mornin'...maybe I should make a statement and get it over with...they might let me out in a couple of hours...

The room was painted in institution cream, overhead a neon striplight flickered. It hurt his eyes. The uniformed Sergeant continued writing and failed to take an interest in the newcomer.

"Alright son step this way. Constable come here. Take him next door for a search will you".

"Yes Sarge".

"YOU! Come with me".

There was no time to refuse. His feet had already responded to the command enen though his mind fought to rebel. The electronic door was unlocked and he was lead out into a passage. He felt the presence of someone behind him. He could not see where he was going, the view blocked by the blue serge in front. He found himself in a window less room. The cream walls, stank of gloss. It was airless, hot and lit, high up on the ceiling by a bulb. Coming from nowhere made it worse. Then a stab of pain sent a shock through his kidneys, falling onto his knees. Gasping for comfort, his hands sought to ease the shockwaves sent through his body.

"Get up. Falling over won't help you, you big fairy. You're a queer ain't you son cos you don't 'alf look like one. Well, we're going to give you a little treat, cos we know what you benders like. You love having your ring piece played with. I bet its been stretched more times than a reusable johnny. Don't you

Dave. Dave don't like puffters either. Mind you who does. All those horrible diseases you bum bandits carry around.

"They should be locked up, kept away from normal people"

The pain of the kidney punches sent white flashes around his nervous system. Unable to speak, face contorted in some senile grimace, he was able to think that whilst they're talkin' they ain't hittin'.

"Come on son, get up, I'm not gonna ask you again. Cuff him Dave. Then we'll drag 'im ûp".

The handcuffs were placed on his wrists. Unable to fight them off he was partially paralysed as the numbness spread through his thighs to his legs. One either arm they lifted him and slumped him over a desk.

"Now's the bit you're gonna enjoy son".

"Wer'e gonna give you a proper search".

Probing hands fumbled over his body, pockets armpits, nipples, buttocks and penis down to thighs, shins and feet. They then took off the cuffs and told him to take everything off. They stated that they suspected him of carrying drugs. All the contents of his pockets were placed in plastic bags.

"Take off your clothes and place them over the table".

He felt about refusing, what could he do. Nowhere to run. He didn't want them fucking with his arse.

"You're gonna enjoy this, more than we are, don't be shy now, take off your clothes".

Maybe if I do as I'm told they won't hurt me as much...what can I do...I'm locked in here...nobody knows...every two weeks someone dies in police custody...all those people who've taken beatings...shit I'm gonna take 'em off...not before I let one go though...this 'll teach 'em...

They unhooked his trousers and they fell to the ground whilst he bent over the table. Next they pulled down his Boxer shorts.

"Oh god, didn't your mummy show you how to wipe your arse properly. Have a look at this Dave".

"What a digusting little bastard. You know what they do to naughty dogs that do that don't you?"

"Oy you I'm talking to you bum boy".

"It's fuckin disgusting. Gonna 'ave to teach 'im a lesson in manners now."

Now that is what I call funny...that fuckin' pig 'avin to wade around in my ring piece...even if he does 'ave to wear rubber gloves...just serves that fucker right...

" Nige I think he finds this situation funny".

"Come on son we hate 'avin to do this as much as you, just tell get the drugs from out of your arse and then you can go, cos Dave 'ere ain't too 'appy about wadin up your arse in that state.

Don't hang on lad. You can be out of 'ere in no time if you just

cooperate. It'll only be a caution for you if we find somethin'. Is it worth the bother?

He turned to face the two of them, one to the right, the other to the left.

"I don't 'ave any drugs".

"We can see that, but what about at your flat, you must 'ave some Amyl Nitrate there. All you queers use that".

"Look I'm not a queer an' even if I was it ain't illegal. I ain't done nothin and I wanna see a brief."

"Tis if you're under age son or if you've been soliciting schoolkids. How old are you, 21?

"Where were you last, out joy riding were we, fancied a little jaunt in someone elses motor ?"

"I wanna see a brief. I ain't got nothin to say until then".

"Been in trouble with us before, I think I've seen your face somewhere. You ain't the one we caught in the toilet in Ravensbourne Park were you ?"

"What you wanna know fo,r where you on duty or just passing by when it took place. You ain't gonna wind me up. I'm telling yer, I've got nothin' to say".

"Ok get your kit on, we're going down to the interview room".

"Can't I get cleaned up first."

"Look son you made the mess, you can lie in it for a couple of hours. Then you might come to your senses and stop fucking us about."

"Look you fuckers you can't treat me like this, let me get cleaned up. How'm I meant to get my trousers on?"

Kick 'em off. What you gonna do about it faggot, slap my wrist ?"

"Let me outta 'ere I ain't done nothin".

He stomped on the trousers to try and get them off. As he used his feet to wriggle out of them he saw their faces laughing at his humiliation. The smell of his faeces mingled with sweat, his own. A dull rumble drilled into him; the wait, punches, insults flew around his brain grinding faster, energising his body. The face to his right filled with blood as he drop kicked into it with his bare feet. Landing on the floor he writhed to dodge the boots of the feet pounding into his abdomen. The blows bit deep into his flesh as he lay on his side trying to get up against the fists raining down on him. He felt a white bolt of pain rip through his skull, his nose clog with blood, as he gasped from his mouth for air.

The fucker is trying to kill me...they wanna see me dead...every two weeks...this time its me...

Kneeling, the pain gripped the back of his neck. One of them dragged him up whilst another face, the one covered in blood pounded into his body. He could not feel it. He only wanted to breathe. Even the pleading for release had disappeared. Into his numbed, sagging body he felt the blows as they sucked on his air supply, gagging, gasping he knew he had to hold on. It wasn't going to happen to him.

The thoughts of the two men coincided in destroying the body before them;

That cheeky piece of shit...these people fuckin' animals...you're gonna die...you're nothin...dead

"What the hell is going on in here?".

A face appeared at the doorway, it was the tool.

"The suspect tried to escape sir, so we apprehended him, during that struggle he attacked PC Went and myself".

"He attacked you did he. Alright leave him alone. Christ it stinks in here. Constable go and fetch PC Puttock and the other three on the desk. Ask them to come here! I'll speak to you both later."

"But what about the prisoner he's potentially dangerous, look what he did to my nose."

"Go and get yourself looked at".

A blue serge figure appeared.

"You three, restrain the prisoner".

"And you PC Puttock, clean him up".

"Yes sir".

Handcuffs were placed on his hands. Then he was sat up only to slump. Rasping noises issued from his throat. The eyes were glazed as the face was awash with blood. On his abdomen were blue marks already spreading into different colours of the spectrum. The energy of the prisoner had been dissolved. The other three returned to their duties once it was clear that there would be no further attempt at escaping. The constable bent over the kneeling form. His body ached, his vision

caked with drying blood, as he spat out mucus streaked with red lines.

He began to cry, sobbing uncontrollably, the spasms sending further pain over his nervous system.

Those fuckers...why...I ain't done nothin'...what can I do...the fuckin' pain...it's just a dream I'll wake up...everythin'll be OK...shit they've bust my nose...I can't breathe through it...

"Can you move son? Just nod for yes. I'll take you down the washroom and get you looked at. Here just put your trousers on. Oh dear you are in a bad way. That'll teach you to try and escape won't it." You should just answer the questions like you're supposed to. There is no need for the backchat, making everyone get angry over you."

The man gave him a blanket to wrap himself him before leading him

to the toilet. clearing the blood away from his eyes with soggy tissue paper. His face was billowing up as if his flesh had filled with wind. Feeling the pressure of his cheeks rising into multicoloured bruising, the salty tears burned his cheeks.

"There you are son, that's better, now you clean yourself up and have a good cry if you want one. It'll make you feel better. If you want to talk to someone just remember I am here."

Have a cry, what a cunt... what's his game...must think I'm a right daft bastard...why'd they do this to me...I ain't done nothin'...those animals better stay clear, I'm gonna 'ave to do somethin about 'em...that's right when I get hold of 'em I'll get you strapped to the DSS building fuckface and I'll be wadding 6 Everyready Batteries up your arse, you know big ones...attatched to some Semtex. I can see your face screaming, and there's pain, so much of it, that all your body fluids are on treble time trying to cope. You're begging me to start on the cthers first. Your family, the loving wife, is chained around the neck as well as your children. They're being force fucked in the ring piece, by every member of the counter staff. I've got a remote control in my hand that'll destroy the bombs that have been shoved half way up their dirt box if they disobey me. Of course they daren't. In fact the SS boneheads don't see it as punishment. They laughing while I supposedly make them do this. I realise the joke is on me as they do it every day as part of their job. Fuckin' people over. It's just a different face.

He spat out the blood and rinsed his mouth.

After his face was wiped the friendly policeman made him a cup of coffee and gave him a cigarette.

"Are you better now son".

Am I better...I'd be better if you had your bollocks nailed to a desk and then there was an earthquake or a flood and you couldn't get away unless you picked up the knife and cut them off...then I'd feel fine...

"I just wanna go, let me out".

"Alright son we'll do that, just as soon as you feel better. First we're waiting for the doctor to come and have a look at you".

"I don't need a Doctor, I need my bed".

"Now the doctor will check you out to see if you are OK".

"How long Il'he be ?"

"Not too long now. You should think yourself lucky,people have come off a lot worse when they've picked a fight with the police".

"Picked a fight ? They beat me up. One of them held me while the other punched. That ain't a fight. Anyway why're yer playin' good cop if that's the case. If I tried to beat up one of you lot youse all be in 'ere 'avin a go".

"I think you're being unfair. It's no wonder that you get picked up with an attitude like that, you've got a chip on your shoulder son. Now we are doing our best to 'elp you by gettin a doctor and all you can come out with is rubbish. Nobody tried to beat you up. It was the other way round. You've got a thing about being beaten up".

"Look at my face, it didn't look like this when I came in, did it ?"

"I wasn't on desk duty, but I don't believe that any Officer would involve themselves in such an action. They're human beings just like you, with mortgages to pay and families. That's what all these knockers forget, they're just doing their job, and a bloody hard one it is too. Of course you can make a complaint in writing to the Chief Inspector but most of these complaints are fabrications. There's just no proof. We get all sorts of crackpots, usually people with chips on their shoulder, like coloureds and communists, making allegations. They can never back it up. "What I would say to you is to let it rest, then there will be no more trouble".

Defeated, he let the matter drop. What could he expect? Who would believe him? His word, a scrounger, against two pieces of filth.

The cop got up and left. Another one came in telling him the doctor was waiting in his cell. He was led back down the corridoor oblivous to the noises and sights around. His eye had nearly closed up, body aching with layers of pain shifting just below the surface, colliding in kaleidoscope fractures, shooting over the surface of his skin. Entering the cell he was told to wait. There was no doctor there. Too tired to notice he fell asleep on the wooden bench, cold stiff with resignation his mind drifted.

The hot sun bore down and the sea shifted its way to the shore. Families bustled up to the waters edge and then ran away in frightened glee.

It's red with blood, mine,it's pouring in waves of love. Far away I can see someone waving. It's my dead sister, making her way to the sun. She never was any good at swimming "Get up and walk you'll hurt yourself on those rocks".

Thank god she got up, she'd be there all day otherwise.

Well I've got to get up now. I can't stay here all day. Where've me hands gone. Come back you can't leave me. Where're you going.

They ran around in circles always at the corner of his eye. Whenever his head tilted then his hands twitched away. Now they tried to bury themselves out of his sight.

out of here if only they would come back. I can hear them...

"Come on Gary, come and play with us."

"We want Gary".

"Come and put your hands on mw Gary and you'll never 'ave to work again".

"Stick it in me Gary".

"Do you fancy my odds, you can even have my end if you like".

A Sid James laugh bellowed from a sand castle

"Times up".

Where's my sister...she's gone...left me alone...on this sand with all these families...I think I'll relax...what's the point in worrying...everythings alright, there's the sea and the sand...I feel alright, relaxing...

He sank back into the smooth texture which opened up to admit his body. The hot rays soothed his eyes. Everything was going to be nice...

"Come on get up".

"What? What do you mean?"

"You're in luck you're gonna be released son. The two Officers have dropped charges against you for Assault".

"What yer mean ? I was brought in for supposedly nicking a fuckin' motor, not Assault. Can't you see it was those bastards who hit me?"

"Look mate, do you wanna leave here or don't you. Your lucky you ain't being charged. Come with me and collect your belongings and then you can go".

Painfully he got up. Coughing up blood and snot. He spat it onto his sleeve. Led down to the Charge room he was told to sit down.

"This won't take a couple of seconds. Come here".

Slowly he rose and shuffled towards the two Officers at the desk.

"Right are you going to give us your prints. It'll mean that you can get out of here a lot quicker if you cooperate. Otherwise we're going have to get a Magistrate to sign for it".

"Alright go ahead".

They rolled his fingers in the black ink. They pressed each one onto the paper.

Fuckin' too right you cunt. I'm gonna make sure I dip these in acid...You ain't gonna get me...

They asked him to sign, a plastic bag of his belongings was produced. He then signed for them. He felt relieved. The door was unlocked and he was let out out into the night.

"Hey mate what time is it".

The black stranger stopped and looked at his watch

"10 o'clock mate". He then walked on up to Lewisham.

Shit I've got to get a 47. I've got 30p enough to get a fare...maybe I should've gone up the hospital and got meself checked out... don't feel too well...what'm I gonna tell 'em...those fuckers'll probably call the filth and tell 'em I've been in a fight...and then I'll be banged up again...they'd never believe me who did it to me...shit I must've got a couple a cracked ribs...gotta getta X-Ray...take a chance...

Haltingly he made his way 300 hundred yards up the road to the hospital.

"Whereabats is Casaulty luv". he called out to a nurse.

The Nurse was startled by his appearance and wsa on the verge of running for help. Nervously she answered, "Just follow the signs straight ahead, then turn left then yu'll be there. Are you alright, you don't look too well ?"

"No I'm OK".

Struggling with the directions he made his way around the dark Victorian building stumbling through corridoors which again stank of gloss painted in pastel shades of hideousness. Eventually someone took him by the arm and led him to Casualty. Delerious with pain he began to mumble. His side felt numb, frontal lobe throbbing and eyes almost totally closed.

"Nurse could you see to this young man, we found him wandering around the Gyneacology Ward. I think he may be in some state of shock.

A new pair of hands gripped him and led him to a room with bright lights. He was told to lie down. A metal kidney shaped bowl was placed in front of him. In it he saw a monster staring at him. he threw up into it, feeling better at drowning the image.

"Now if you're not feeling very well remember to aim it into this bowl. Stay right here and I'll go and get the doctor.

It was hot, too hot, he felt his skin become partchment,but it didn't hurt...I hate this skin anyway...perhaps I'll be reborn...first I've got to make my way to the sun...that's where Kaz's gone I'm sure...it sizzled away on his body releasing a smell of Parma Violets...a group of kids came up and placed a round brown ball in his navel.

My body feels so hot...I'm a cooker, help yourselves...smoke arose from the ball. The kids all produced candy striped straws and sucked up the smoke. Their eyes glazed and then they ran off into the sea never to return. All around him families lay pliant in the sand with thousands of children waving straws and plastic biros, dancing up and down. The older generations lay beaming under the mid day sun. As the sea swallowed up the squealing children, thousands of Multi hued Beach Balls rose to the surface crowding their way to the beach smothering the trapped bodies. it felt good.

Shit it was all just a fuckin dream. I wasn't beaten up I'm alright. I'm not in a hospital. Everything is OK. A jolt ripped through him. He tried to clear his eyes but they felt screwed tight. He went to move but his body told him otherwise. My fuckin' engines seized.

"Nurse". He croaked. "Nurse".

No one came. A harsh light illuminated the contours of his body from above, His shirt had been loosened.

No where is it...I'm wearing a white smock. I must be bad that's a blood puke running down the front...bollocks I can't move my head much more, it hurts too much...I'm in a bad way...I;m gonna live and show 'em...fuckin paraffin, nothin mate...they're gonna b e w e l l g o n e w h e n I ' v e f i n s i s h e d

put the scalpel in a bit deeper...it's him or you...I can see the two naked pigs sweating...one bound and trussed his little cloven hooves trying to break the nylon bonds as his accomplice saws off pieces of his flesh with a surgeons knife...cutting chunks of fat from the over ripe torso that gleams under the bright light with Baby Oil and blood dripping in rivers between the dark hairs on the chest. I've got a gun jammed againsy the fuckers head. He's sweating...I've already blasted a hole in his foot where he refused to split his partner...they don't like puffters...so I am asking Dave to make his playmate into a woman before I'll let him fuck him...Dave didn't like the idea...tried to fight me mentally...told me I was mad...so I shot away his foot...only he can't leave any evidence behind...he has to eat each chunk...he's been sick tried to vomit up...I let him off...I feel some pity...now he's stopped chewing...his eyes are full of tears...crying for god's sake stop it...like I was when they were beating me...but it's too late for that Dave cut his balls off or I'll shoot yours and if you do it quickly then you won't have to eat 'em...look at him go...he don't care, that Dave...Nige is looking a bit pale...I hope he ain't gonna croak and miss out on the fun...I think you better start fuckin' him now Dave or else he ain't gonna feel anythin'...that's right you can use the blood to lubricate to help stick it in...turned on by it all are you...manage to get a hard on...faster Dave, faster, cos there ain't much left of him...that's right now suck on this Dave, that's right the gun barrell....Dave why have you stopped...what do you mean you haven't got a brain...that never worried you before...so what if your life is a mess...pull yourself together and why you're at it clean that gunge off the wall...it's making me feel a bit ill seeing bits of you everywhere...

Huh what's happened, shit I'm still lying here...where are my clothes...I've had enough...a few bandages...that ain't gonna fuckin' help...Jesus Christ who are these others...fuckin grandads...can't stay here...I gotta go...

He rumaged around in the cupboard next to him and pulled out his clothes. Feeling weak he dragged them on. The ward was full of drugged up heads in beds, it was night time. He could hardly move he felt so stiff.Tubes, wheezing and snoring filled his mind. The bodies looked in the gloom of the night in a state of suspension each fighting their own private hell. It took him ages to put his socks on.

"No, no don't !

He turned round and nearly fell over, balancing himself on the bed. It was only someone talking in the midst of their hell. The nurse came in.

"Excuse me where'd you think you're going ?"

"What me, what ya mean ?

"WHERE are you going ?"

"Home".

"Get back into bed."

"But I don't wanna".

"You're not leaving this Ward. I'm going to get help".

He knew he would never get ready in time before a crowd appeared. Not having the strength to run for it he sat on the bed and pulled up the covers. Three women approached him.

"What's going on here ?"

"I just woke up and didn't know where I was so I tried to get dressed and then the nurse came along. Then when I realised Iwas in a hospital I got into bed again. That's all".

"That's alright Mr. Smedley, you get plenty of rest, you've had a bit of a knock but you'll be OK. They'll probably let you out tomorrow. They're just keeping you in overnight for Observation."

He was placed back into bed. The incident had not disturbed the whirring, coughing and rasping which grated on his head with all the melody of a hacksaw rasping through metal. A minute later a nurse appeared with some egg shaped pills and a glass of water.

Fuckin' Temazepam...the way I feel I could knock out the centre and fix it...that's the only way I'm gonna get a kip...more fuckin' noise than multiple roadworks down the Old Kent Rd....At least it's somethin'....the kids on the Estate will be getting themselves beaten up if they knew how easy it was to get 'em 'ere...DF118's that's what they should give me...that's what I was offered last week they kill pain...some kid 'ad 'alf inched 'em from his mum...I think she 'ad cancer so they must be pretty strong...

A wind stirred his hair....at his side was Julie lying with sun glasses shielding her eyes with the poise of a huge insect ready to dive into the milky blue sea....what's that melody...it seems to be dancing around my ears...

He turned two giant chocolate Easter Eggs rolled towards him gathering up speed. Julie, her naked body transfixed by the rolling waves looking at her own reflection beaming back her youth made no move.His heart palpitated, one each. The eggs stopped and cracked open, two green cheques dashed off leaving molten chocolate disappearing into the burning golden brown sand.

In the morning he was discharged, not having enough money he decided to walk back to Deptford. He was given a course of DF118's. When questioned about how he was so badly bruised, he declined to answer. Who would want to believe it? Theirs was another reality. The British Bobby didn't behave like that or if he did you deserved it. Remembering nothing about the walk home except when he looked back on it he was amazed that he ever managed it. The flat, a maisonette on the Nelson Estate was just how he had left it. Making his way to the bedroom he slumped on the springs and fell asleep fully clothed.

The water began to carry him out,gently coaxing all the hatred and fear that held him together. As he drifted further he felt his body disintegrate, a thick black tar that stank of stink bombs oozed out of his skin. It was a relief, to see the heavy grey water discoloured with his life force. His head began to spin and whirl, slowly until it built into a huge surge. Yes it was a very pleasant day. Up above the birds swirled, he felt it getting hotter with the intensity of a furnace but it provided comfort.

When he awoke it was early evening. He heard the theme music to Bruces Big Night Out prise itself through the wall that separated him from his neighbours.

It must be Friday...fuck I wish they'd turn that shit down...it's doin' me 'ead in...I'll tell 'em...my arms a bit ropey...can't hardly lift it...

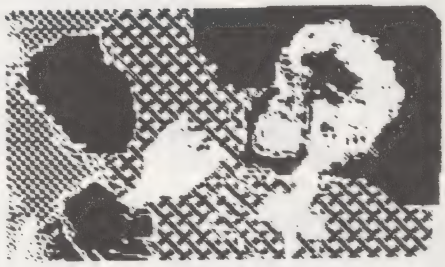
Before he had a chance to register his protest by banging on the wall. He felt something smack against it. Muted screaming, straining hard to catch the words. it was a mumble of threats, screams spilling into his room. The banging increased. With growing intensity it burst into his head. Earlier thoughts and dreams lay shattered as the noise burst inside him. Trying to hide, he placed a pillow over his head in an effort to keep everything out. All it did was intensify the bass tones which banged and flapped inside his ears. Getting out of bed he turned on his television in an attempt to drown out the intrusion. It worked, half asleep with spent adrenalin he slumbered in short periods awoken by blaring ads goading him with cars he could not afford and beautiful models he would never meet. His eye would gaze, take it in and then return.

Driving a BMW through open swish country that blazed by. It was open topped. The wind ruffling his hair. he gaxed to his side to see the beautiful profile of Elle. Watching his eye she smiled and posed showing even white teeth. Returning to the road, glimpses of the scenery caught milliseconds of his attention. Ancient Castles, huge horned cattle and smiling groups of picnicers waved as he travelled by. Her jewellry began to squeek so he asked her to take it off. They stopped for a Nescafe. She told him how much she loved him. He felt a deep throb as his pants wanted to burst with the lust that rippled beneath his skin.

She wants it bad...where am I going to give it to her...we'll stop later in the middle of the country...how will I do it...just stop...go for a walk

She beckoned him to her. They kissed. Fumbling for her thighs he began to stroke and carress. She whispered for him to take her there. His beart pounded its way to his cock sending shock waves of desire that spread over every pore of his body. The sun beamed its strength and heat as they lay fucking on the rustling grasses. Tensing and relaxing she enveloped him, sucking out the tense fragility of his life. Mind alive with the sensation of L'Oreal Perfume bouquets of flowers spurted around them. Fighting off images of Duckhams Super Oil and Tetleys Beer with a shudder, their slow sensual love making explored new avenues, as they sought the pleasure of their own bodies. She sucked him whilst his tongue pulled itself to the rim of her lips, exploring the different contours of her body. The world moved above him, clouds rolled up, winked and then moved on, briefly obscuring the sun. At first it ebbed and flowed through the dim parts of his mind lighting up new corners, the shutters rolling back to let in the deep golden rays of love. It felt like the pulling in of a tube train, the growing expectation as if his body was clamping and coiling up to unleash its power as he flooded into her sweating heaving body whilst looking to see her face enraptured and glazed with overwrought sensation. She drove him on, he lay back, his body spent in the expectation that everything that dies returns to life.

When climbing out of bed, it was as an old man. The bruising of his ribs had turned them into the colour of a sunset. Scrambling for the pills, gulping them to try and kill the pain. Around him were the accumulated possesssions that told him who he was: ITT Portable tele, MFI shelving and a carpet his mum had given him. He went to the kitchen feeling uneasy and depressed. On the way he glanced at the door, on the floor was a buff coloured envelope laying face down in the debris of his life.



C L O C K
D V A

BURIED DREAMS SURFACE

FIST On the sleeve notes of your first album "White Souls In Black Suits" you speak about the rigidity and the breaking up of straight line thinking. Do you think music can achieve this ?

ADI I think music can this. It has done and it can still do it, not to an enormous degree, but it's still working there.

FIST How does it do it ?

ADI By the juxtaposition of different elements, to create new hybrids and new forms, especially with technology, it gives light to new areas which haven't been seen before. Previously it hasn't been possible to do certain things with sound. It is possible now.

FIST Isn't it all assimilated now, just like the sixties ?

ADI I don't think it's assimilated. There's more of a realisation of sonic power. Technology is being able to attain a real sound field which has dimensional movement within it. This contains the full picture of sound which has not been possible before on a phonogram, because it is an analogue instrument, created in the 19th century. It's a primitive process to put vibrations onto a plastic medium. The frequency is so limited. CD sound is better with the new digital technology. I think sound within the context of those new technologies can be expanded in terms of its fullness and shape.

That's the important thing about music breaking down straight line thinking. Music does not suggest words as such, but images. They don't have any rational connection when you first listen to the music, maybe they do at a later stage. That's where technology comes in as it's easier to "sound an image". Therefore you can fuse the two more succinctly.

FIST Yes but one example is the use of samplers by SAW in the late eighties to enhance consumerism.

ADI You're always going to get that. It'll always be there. I think you have to look beyond to people who are doing something else. I don't think it's worth thinking about people like that. They are doing what everybody's doing since it began, exploiting the situation. You want to look at people who are doing something serious. The other possibilities are inherent within that medium.

FIST What comes first though the medium or the ideas ?

ADI The ideas obviously come first, they

are the most important thing. The mind is the most important factor. It's not peripheral, it's the thinking. Cybernetics/technology, encompasses all that, and has done, since it began. That goes a long way. Man's idea to develop himself has turned to machines and into expanding consciousness. It's going back to that now, even more so. The mind has to come first, before the machine.

FIST How can modern technology break up that straight line thinking

ADI Easily, by being able to show you something that you wouldn't be able to see. In a computer you can process information in such a way that it can draw lots of different connections. It's happening already with things being discovered that have been there. Technology is illuminating mystical ideas. There have been a lot of developments with the triggering of delta waves into brain patterns by computer. There have been several experimental groups and companies that have come up with brain wave labs that are computerised orientated bio feedback machines. I think you have to look at it within a whole specturm because the possibilities are enormous. It's in an early stage, consciousness can be altered, we can rewire the brain and change it. It can be expanded, there is no doubt about that, it's happening on a small scale. They have started working on things like a pool that makes your memory work.

FIST Yes I saw this mentioned on an Horizon programme.

ADI It's like about Anton Wilson who talks about a pool creating longevity and expanding possibility of bio engineering rather than hardware in an external form. This would be the changing of ourselves. Evolution hasn't stopped, it might seem like it's dormant, it is definetly moving somewhere. I believe you can see that. Remember it's taken millions of years to get to this stage. A million years from now with technology proliferating so many ideas where is it going to go to ? It's as easy for us to be pessimistic and so we're going to blow ourselves up and destroy the world. I don't think so.

FIST That's if you take a progressive stance for history though. Alternatively you could see it as Relativist, in relation to the time you are living in.

ADI What'd you mean ?

FIST There is the idea that there is the march to the Superman which was the idea put forward by Nietzsche, the perfect being.

ADI I don't know about perfect being but I think it can develop further, it has to.

FIST You think so ?

ADI It has to.

FIST It could just be people in relation to the times they are living in and that there is no future.

ADI I think you would be completely wrong. The colonisation of space has already begun. It will go out further. It does not end with the Earth, it's just one station.

FIST But the ideas being transmitted with this colonisation are the same ones that were developed within the Feudal System.

ADI How do you know that someone won't break out of that and go somewhere

else and completely develop a new system of living once they have taken that step, an evolutionary stage.

FIST You would have to project from these times to the future

ADI That's thinking in the short term

FIST Well unless someone makes a great break with the present

ADI I think it is possible. If you think about all these Science Fiction Writers, years ago were thinking about it. Before then people were looking at the stars. What were they doing ? I think there's something more, why has it been integrated into religion and mysticism. It's always been there from the beginning, man has always turned to look outwards and up, not down.

FIST Well both really. There was the precedent exploration of the so called New World that resulted in the genocide of the native West Indian populations which then carried on to the mainland. So the driving force does contain an element of greed.

ADI Of course there will be some huge corporation that will mine something they deem valuable and they will go to any lengths to do it. It's always been there, exploitation in one form or another.

FIST Do you see that as inevitable ?

ADi I think that the human race is utilitarian. It uses, adapts and makes things. It will use one object to make another. The degree of how its done is in the hands of those who have the power and technology to do it.

FIST The ideas create the usage of ...

ADI Of course artists have always thinking of ideas that are to do with the mind. Commercial exploitation is totally different, the two are seperate. The artist is more concerned with emotion soul, art, beauty and aesthetics. There is an enormous divide there and it's a big problem.

FIST Do you see the albums you have done as a progression as a reflection of the different times ?

ADI They are definetly distinct.There are running threads that link things together. I think they are very much different. Certain themes are expanded. At the time you have certain ideas that you want to carry out and work with. These ideas in time change and develop. More connections are being made so you draw more things in, so it becomes broader and specialised, depending on the area where your interests lie. This develops all the time, it is a reflection of that knowledge. Each album is different because of that.

FIST Would you see them as a progression or a reflection ?

ADI I would see them as a progression, definetly. "Buried Dreams" progressed more than the previous ones. The new songs take that further, not better, but in a different way. There are certain elements and different feels in "Buried Dreams" that are not evident in the newer songs we do.

FIST Do you have the same impetus as when you started ?

ADI Yes I've always been interested in experimenting and trying things in different ways, which is a very hard thing to do.

FIST How did the idea to experiment come about ?

ADI I think it's in your nature. Either you are an inquisitive person and you want to expand and go further, or you don't, and stay still. You do your job and then die. For me I can go further, I know there's more knowledge out there and I want to know about it. Know, learn and develop ideas, always. I don't think that can ever end. It shouldn't end. You should always go on to find out, develop more subtleties and refinements. It gets bigger and broader.

FIST Is there anything in particular that started it ?

ADI I don't know. the first thing that I was interested in was drawing and painting. I started young, it was a natural thing. I started to learn more and find out more. I think you always work on your own interests. It's like teaching, you can't do it if they aren't interested in it, no matter what you do. You have to be basically interested and then it's down to you how much time you want to put in. Nothing forces you against your will. You could question this by programming "Will". Who said you have to think like this. We are all pre programmes to some degree but I think you can break through it. You don't have to stick within the general run of things, you can move outside. That must always be the point, that you can move beyond. If it's out there, the far right or far left, I don't think it's ultimately any, it has to go beyond, to change and make people think.

FIST So you broke out of that preprogramming then ?

ADI I hope so yes. Certain things you do are what we are caught into, certain things we have to do.

FIST How come the Anti Group came about ?

ADI That goes back a long time. We first had the idea in 78 and we mentioned it here and there. We were so much into doing DVA. There was nowhere for that possibility to develop until about 84 when DVA broke. It was in that time I thought I'd do something new and what I'd wanted to do for a long time.

FIST The ideas are a departure from DVA then, more involved in the Occult ?

ADI That was the earlier things. The last things we pout out were to do with frequencies and sound than to do with Occult. I guess they had some connection. Everything is either esoteric or exoteric, hidden or not. We did not an album called "Testones" which is more to do with frequency and sound, Sonology, than to do with music.

FIST Why did you do that album ?

ADI We were interested in what it represented in using sound in its purist sense. It's just tone and frequency the basic components of sound. Any sound can be broken into harmonics or frequencies. To work with those basic building blocks in its purist form is interesting. To start off with those frequencies, pure sine waves just using those it's like going back to the beginning of experimental music, the first electronic forms. It was good to do it. It works more in a live situation that it does on record. On CD it has the full frequency content, on the record it doesn't seem to come over that well.

FIST Is it similar to Lou Reeds "Metal Machine Music" ?

ADI No not at all, more to do with the physical properties of vinyl. They are fixed. You can only go up to 20khz and that's it. Any more information won't go on. That will be developed even more where you'll get a very low sub sonic sound and speakers that can carry it. The technology of those speakers is very expensive to go right down to where you can feel it but not hear it. That's an interesting concept.

FIST Couldn't it be dangerous though ?

ADI No, not at all. It's a very precise and exact science. It's beyond us at the moment but you could control someone positively through it.

FIST Also negatively, if you could ally that form of technology to the ideas pushed forward by the National Socialist Movement of the 30's then you would have a very effective form of social control.

ADI It's there anyway in the form of commercials and advertising. It's very strong on people who are sold because they haven't overcome a level where they can understand and see what it is.

FIST In terms of the masses ?

ADI I don't want to go into that because it's too long to resolve in a discussion even if we spent 100 hours talking about it. As long as there's somebody is resisting it, there's a sign of life. If there's no resistance, there's nothing. It's when everybody is like it, there's nobody who is doing anything and everybody is saying the same, there's no room for anything. That's the time to worry. I don't think that has come. There's still a lot of people doing things and thinking in different ways, a lot of unrest with people wanting to change things. While ever resistance is active, that's good. That's why we did the "Hacker", that's an analogy within that kind of computer technology, a resistant form already, assessing itself and breaking into new areas. Saying I don't want to know about your programme restrictions I want to go in. That's why Heuristic programming is important, it's a way forward to do with chance and cognitive idea. It's to do with kinesis, knowing something without reading a book, instinctually doing it. Action, acting out of no reason. Doing something perfect. That is psychic automatism in its purest form, and it exists. It has always existed, not on a mass scale, but in a pocket, here and there. It's developing that. Would it be good if everyone was like that ? I don't know ?

FIST Isn't just an individual battling against a system ?

ADI The hackers form themselves into groups and clubs, outside of authority. They do what they want to do with technology built by enormous corporate systems. They develop something that breaks into it and destroys the information. That is resistance and that analogy is the way forward. I think an interesting thing is Eastern European people getting hold of computers because intuitively they understand them. They don't think about reading a manual and all this programming,

they just tap it in, man over machine, integration, symbyosis. That's the danger when man is controlled by the machine. We all use machines, even a pencil, a cybernetic piece, primitive, but all extensions of us are machines. Everything is an extension of us. If it wasn't then what would it be ? How can we build an alien thing ?

FIST They are trying to develop machines that are capable of thinking.

ADI Yes, it's very interesting, neural connection machines that can do their own thinking and come up with ideas themselves. It's an interesting concept.

FIST Will it not inherently be Fascist in its design because of the people who build them ?

ADI No I don't think so because they can go beyond that. Once they have developed their consciousness they will develop their own ways.

FIST They will only be as good as the people who have programmed them, won't they ?

ADI I don't think so. Eventually there will be machines that are self programming and that will effectively control themselves, break the system and go somewhere else.

FIST Will they need us ?

ADI No that's not the point. The point is to create something to go beyond us. I think that's amazing, because we are giving life on to something else. We are creating. It's speculative, but the shape is there.

FIST Did you have an interest in the occult with the Anti Group. On one of the albums you mention the Dog Star ?

ADi When we worked on those projects that was what we were interested in. Interests devlop and you go onto their connections and you expand on what you do and you move room one point to another. Everything is connected in one form or another.

FIST Do you see any connections between those so called primitive religion and technology ?

ADI Yes, they are finding out now what was said is true. There's a guy recently who did a lot of work with creative visuals of sound and in an exact way, sending the sound "OM" into a machine. The picture he formed was exactly the same as the drawing of the eastern mantra formed 4,000 years ago. It's strange, it's like intuitive knowledge that is kept within religion. There are a lot of things like that. Science is approximating more towards magic via technology. In a way it's a good thing because it is showing them there is no room for dilemma anymore. There's more to it than we think, much deeper than what we can conceive. It would take a lot of work to break into it, because your mind isn't geared to work in those ways of two disparate elements. Chaos, the recent explanation of nature, there is no chaos as such, it is all mathematically designed. It's like Baudelaire said "number is all, everything". It is a very strong powerful thing.

FIST It's a very certain way of viewing the world, in a material sense as opposed to the spiritual ?

ADI These are also very spiritual things. That's what I spoke about earlier, occultism, the hidden. It's not apparent, it contains more than the surface.

FIST Numbers is only one way of perceiving things ?

ADI Sure it"s only one way but it seems to persist for a very long time. Why ? Obviously it works, in a way.

FIST Yes it works in a Rationalistic way at the present time.

ADI Not all the time, not in magic, not everything is so structured.

FIST But the ideas of Rationalism stem from mathematics and the triumph of the Rationalists over the Alchemists in the 16thC when Bacon and later Newton unlocked certain elements that were the ideas that gave the impetus for what we have today. Those ideas seem to be doing away with chance as an element.

ADI I'm not saying there's no room for chance.

FIST That's what the Chaos Theory seems to me, the ability to predict chance.

ADI Yes I know about that stuff. There are things that are hard to put down to chance. You spoke about Digitaria, on the sleeve notes it talks about the DogStar and Sirius B and Sirius A. You can't explain that away. How does someone know there is a star which you can't see revolving around a planet ? It was only 50 years ago someone had the technology to see it and say it does exist, the Doggones and the Egyptians knew it was there, how ? We don't know. The knowledge seems to pre-extant, the knowledge existing before man came.

FIST But did the knowledge benefit them ? The Egyptian Society was harsh.

ADI I think it changed from one based on a feminine principal to one based on a more masculine principle. They totally changed the society, eradicating information, images, the temples. The Draconians were more male orientated like Christ, believing that man was a god. You are causing a split straight away if you say that. Really you can't divide, because division is pain. That's what Crowley said; "I am divided for the sake of love". It goes into androgynous, hermaphroditic mystical things. These go back deeply. When you split those up, you end up going one way, then you forget about the other path, that's your problem. You end up denying part of yourself. If I am to deny this other part of me, How can I be full and total ? You can't, you're split.

FIST Why did that come about though ? It does seem to be a common link through different cultures.

ADI Yes it happened all over in a similar type of era. Originally there was a whole, for some reason it changed. It's like all the things with Set. In TAG, there was SET, AZULU and BIG SEX. They were a trilogy of things. "Set" was completely eradicated from Egyptian Mythology. The things in the "Book of the Dead", they are not it.

FIST On "Advantage" you seem to be dealing with themes of violent retribution. Why did that come about ?

ADI Emotions are a very powerful force in motivating people and love is the strongest one, causing people to do amazing and extreme acts, opposite to each other. I liked the idea of the French Crime of Passion, and their understanding of it. In England it wouldn't come into it, but in France they are more understanding. I'm not saying it's right, but there are some things we don't like to think about. I don't think there will ever be an end to murder in one form or another. It's the hidden coming out, not that it's right. Sometimes those elements are positive, because it is direct action outside of some framework that is imposed on society.

FIST So it's the breaking of the norm that interests you ?

ADI Such extreme action is hard to think about. Can you imagine doing it ? There's different degrees of it. A paradoxical marriage of beauty and disease. I think beauty can be found in all sorts of things not just in a normal framework. I've seen colour plates of tropical diseases that are absolutely amazing in a different aesthetic altogether.

FIST That's what you were doing with that particular album ?

ADI Yes, I think the ones you were referring to. It wasn't a scenario of the first impression.

FIST What about the images of sexual fetishism on the album.

ADI Which ones ?

FIST Velvet Realm

ADI That's just a little piece in itself, the actual track is more than that.

FIST What about the quotes from De Sade and Bathory. How does that fit into everything else ?

ADI It fascinates me because it is the beginning of the development between literature and art, like Nosferatu. It's seeped into our imagery, particularly her (Bathory). De Sade was fascinated with her and mentions her. He had information and transcripts of the things she'd done. To him she was a woman totally in control, in every way.

FIST There again it was quite easy for the Aristocracy at the time to get away with that type of behaviour.

ADi Of course, why did someone from that background go into that extremity ?

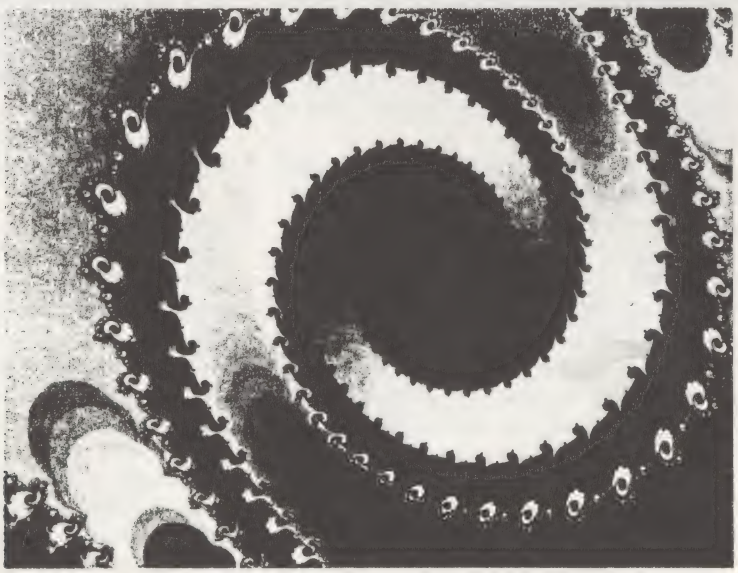
FIST It is easier from someone with that sort of power to enact their fantasies which is one of the things De Sade satirised in 120 Days of Sodom. The men of power preying upon women.

ADI His works did have a lot of meanings. It wasn't just about sex, they had sociological, psychological and political within the writings.

FIST How come you picked up on him ?

ADI I'd heard of him as a character and heard of his name associated with this category, which is part of language and a system of icons. He actually wanted his name to be forgotten, that was his last request, to be chucked into some woods and acorns placed over him. They didn't respect that, they buried him in some unconsecrated ground in a churchyard. All his life he was against that but he still carried on. 120 Days written on a scroll in tiny handwriting, that's brilliant.

BURIED DREAMS



FIST How come you used pictures of mass murderers like Christie and Gacey ?

ADI Those photos aren't Gacey, it's just a clown. Buried Dreams is about forgetting your dreams and not living them out. It's like one of the things we do, that isn't so good. People have dreams and then never develop them.

FIST Like Mass murderers ?

ADI Whoever, somebody I wasn't talking to recently pointed out; "Why are they men ?" Some of them were women, such as Bathory, It's just like seeing the surface of something, noticing the reflection, but not there's something else, behind the image.

FIST Is it referring to the damage that people can do in burying their dreams ?

ADI Yes I think it can because repression can lead to neurosis. It depends on what you do. If you can live some of them out then it gives you strength to dream more.

LOVERS

FOR LIFE

FIST How did the Swans come about ?

M GIRA It was just a corporate name, it came about so long ago I don't remember. Back before you were born.

FIST You were in another outfit before that though ?

M GIRA Yes Circus Mort, a pretty silly band, eye make up.

FIST Was it a glam band ?

M GIRA No not Glam, psychedelic. If I knew then what I know now, back then I didn't know what I wanted. It wasn't very good.

FIST What year did you form then ?

M GIRA In 82.

FIST How did the sound come about. It must be quite a jump from doing psychedelia to the early records.

M GIRA I think it stems from wanting something to happen but not having any musical training then someone gave me a bass. I didn't know how to tune it or anything, so I just started making sounds with it and putting rhythms together using tapes because that is what I had at my disposal.

FIST How did you get other people interested ?

M GIRA I got involved in a scene and met them through that. It is so long ago I can't remember.

FIST Was there something happening in New York at the time ?

M GIRA There was nothing happening in New York. That's why we were able to exist. It was at the time that British new Wave Disco was a big deal. There was a lot to be opposed against.

FIST Were they the cultural leaders then, the British ?

M GIRA No, not really. At the time in 81/82 there were these horrible dance bands.

FIST There was the death of English music about that time.

M GIRA Yes there hasn't been much of a revival since has there ?

FIST No, everything has limped for ten years. It has something to do with the music business becoming more professional in its management of things and the looseness that existed in the late seventies disappearing.

M GIRA No it's always been a fuckin' business. The industry is a big rip off and always has been.

FIST There was that revival of doing things yourself.

M GIRA That's true, I'm at the forefront of that philosophy right now. I do everything myself.

FIST How come you are in that position ?

M GIRA There is no other way to do it.

FIST You were on MCA for a short time.

M GIRA Yes that was a mess.

FIST How come they picked you up ?

M GIRA I guess they thought that they had latched onto this alternative act. It was beginning to be important in 89\90. They

didn't have a clue what to do with us, it was a huge mistake.

FIST So you just made the one album and a few singles ?

M GIRA Yes.

FIST Why did you make the break after "Feel Good Now ?"

M GIRA "Children of God", you mean around there ?

FIST The last I thought, was the live album where you make the statement.

M GIRA On "Children Of God" we introduced a lot of different ideas. It's just to keep myself interested. I don't want to do the same thing over again.

FIST So that's why you changed your ideas.

M GIRA Changing ideas, keeping it challenging for ourselves and the audience. I don't want to be in a band with a particular sound. I want to keep working.

FIST Otherwise you end up like the Ramones ?

M GIRA Yes it's just imbecilic

FIST Did you try to become more melodic. Is that the right word ?

M GIRA I don't know, you tell me, you've heard the records.

FIST How would you define it though ?

M GIRA I wouldn't. I'm in no state to do so.

FIST You didn't sit down and decide to change sound ?

M GIRA Whenever I find it becoming redundant, I throw it away and move onto something else

FIST You seem to have worked in a number of different areas from the electronics of "Time Is Money" to the more country feel of "Saved".

M GIRA Not to me it isn't country. To me it is music that fits the environment of the words. That's why I wrote it like that.

FIST How do the lyrics come about. There does seem to be a shift from the early stuff, which is personal to the later which seems more observational ?

M GIRA I would say the opposite. I can't really say much about that. I'm flesh and blood, my molecules have evolved over the ten years. The matter in my brain has changed.

FIST So it's just something that happens ?

M GIRA It's just the things that interest me have changed.

FIST What initially interested you ?

M GIRA I used to be more of a hateful person than I am now even though I'm not exactly a jolly bloke.

FIST The band was a way of getting that out ?

M GIRA It was a way of seeking revenge.

FIST Did it work ?

M GIRA Yes I beat up a few audience members, here and there.

FIST Where they the people you were after though ?

M GIRA No it was just an excuse to try and make myself believe that I was alive.

FIST You were undergoing some form of alienation ?

M GIRA No I like alienation if that's what it is. I like being completely separate from everybody else. I think that's good. I don't know if it's alienation though. It's more being tuned into the truth and realising that you are completely different.

FIST Doesn't everybody think that ?

M GIRA (Shrugs)

FIST Has it been a catharsis ?

M GIRA No, I don't feel any release from it at all.

FIST It's given you something to do

M GIRA Yes it's work. Work is supposed to define who you are. As far as I am concerned proper work would define who you are where you realise all your abilities. That's why I try to do.

FIST You are in a privileged position as far as work is concerned.

M GIRA I wouldn't say that. Everything I've got I've sweated blood for. I haven't gained much, I can tell you that.

FIST In terms of possessions ?

M GIRA Yes.

FIST At least your not tied to a wage slave system ?

M GIRA Only because I decided that I would rather panhandle than do Construction or factory jobs for instance. I worked from 13\14 to about 30 every shit job you can imagine all the time. That's 17 years, I've had my share. I was on my own literally from the time I was 13. I wouldn't say that I'm in a privileged position, I'd scrape and claw anyway I could to make money.

FIST At the same time you're getting paid for something you want to do ?

M GIRA Yes, it's true but I work four times as hard as other people I know.

FIST Thats because you're in charge of you're own labour

M GIRA Yes but I do it in order to survive. I have to. It's not play but fact. I'm not on a major label I don't have a lot of money. I have almost no money. I just make it happen so I can continue to survive. I'm not part of the music business, I don't care about the personality, the star aspect. I don't care about any of that at all. It means nothing to me at all.

FIST How come ?

M GIRA Because it's completely bogus, it's a complete fabrication making human beings into Coke cans. It has nothing to do with me. It's manufactured, a tool that marketing people come up with to fetishise objects.

FIST Those people are the ones who are always remembered, Presley, Michael Jackson.

M GIRA They were different to that. Michael Jackson, I wouldn't put him in the same category as Elvis Presley.

FIST Yes but they were people who were manufactured to some extent.

M GIRA I don't mind commercially successful people at all. The Beatles were fantastic, very creative.

FIST With them there was that tension between being manufactured and being creative on their own terms.

M GIRA Yes, that was good.

FIST It's a lot different now in the pop world ?

M GIRA The industry is different and the whole culture has changed. That stuff could exist then. It can't know because it is all figured out there is no room.

FIST Your lyrics seem to deal with power ?

M GIRA Not so much lately. They have in the past.

FIST The track on "White Light..." deal with that.

M GIRA That was a homage to George Bush and Saddam Hussein. I was watching the Gulf War build up and I sort of merged

their two heads together on the television. I made them into this one creature and fantasised them into this Ed Gein; Bush and Hussein amalgam. I was trying to figure out where real strength lies. Is life completely amoral or otherwise ?

FIST "Power and Sacrifice" seems to be the most direct of your songs dealing with that theme ?

M GIRA Maybe I don't know. I thought "God Loves America" was concise. It's like a little bit of journalism.

FIST The earlier work dealt with personal politics.

M GIRA Yes that's true.

FIST How did that originate ?

M GIRA Well I'd thought I'd buck myself up against whatever is resisting.

FIST What does that mean ?

M GIRA I mean a lot of the songs were dealing with the difference between what I want and what exists in the world. The difference between personal choice and morality.

FIST Your stories also deal with that ?

M GIRA Stories ? I'm really embarrassed by them.

FIST How come ?

M GIRA I like some of the writing a bit. I think some of the prose is good but a lot of it is puerile. It is just over reliant on Scatology, some of the images are a bit overstated. I like the mental claustrophobia of them.

FIST How did they come about ? Are they an extension of the early songs ?

M GIRA I don't know how they came about. I write all the time.

FIST Do they come from an observation of the world ?

M GIRA More trying to create a world I like. A little world i could imagine myself in.

FIST Do you use irony consciously ?

M GIRA Irony ? I guess so.

FIST Is that what "Children of God" is about ?

M GIRA Yes, sure some of it, other bits I honestly believe in.

FIST what is the difference between the work of The Swans and Skin ?

M GIRA What is the difference between Swans and Skin, Jarboe ?

JARBOE I don't know. I can feel the difference. It's more contained less people involved in it, it's more collaborative. I write a lot of the music. Therefore it's more personal for me. I'm much more closer to the Skin project and I enjoy it more.

FIST Do you ever perform live under Skin ?

M GIRA No, I'd like to but we'll see what happens.

FIST Is Skin going to continue ?

M GIRA I think so.

FIST How did you join the Swans, Jarboe ?

JARBOE Let's see. I was a fanatical admirer of the music in 84 when I first heard it. I just insinuated myself into the band. At one time I had a discussion with some friends; should I buy a bass and learn that, or a Sampler keyboard. It ended up being the keyboard. That's how much I wanted to be a part of it. I was totally attracted to what they were doing.

FIST Are you a trained singer ?

JARBOE I was trained in choral music. I've done a series of choral works in church and school, alto and soprano. I threw all that away and did looser things that didn't require that technique or that kind of attitude because I wanted to be more vulnerable and more expressive in my singing. There is nothing I hate more than hearing a singer like Whitney Houston who is technically really good but leaves me cold emotionally. I would rather hear some old blues singer or somebody with a broken tone in their voice, with something real there, than a perfectly trained voice.

FIST So you had to unlearn what you already knew ?

JARBOE I think so yes.

FIST Where do your ideas for your subject matter come from ?

JARBOE Things around me, just observing situations, such as relationships between people. That inspires me to write something. I'm concerned a lot with how people treat each other.

FIST Do you mean the power involved ?

JARBOE Just how people use each other and what they want from each other, what they expect, the facade they present compared to something genuine. What you think about someone at the time, compared to what you show someone up front. I think about those things a lot. Other than that, ideas came from the literature that I read. On the "Love of Life" album, the song "She Cries", that I wrote was thinking about alienation. Wallflowers, losers who are made fun of in school. The outsider mentality, someone locked away in their room. They can't wait, they feel the scene is passing them by. I was thinking about that when I wrote that song. A lot of it was based on my own childhood and then I also read a novel by Patrick McGrath called "Spider". The song to me is for the character "Spider". This was someone who had lived inside his own mind and in order to survive had to internalise, because there were so many painful things inside their lives. A lot of people do that. They internalise and create their own reality.

FIST So the ideas for your songs comes from personal experience ?

JARBOE Yes definetly. In fact I did an interview with someone who pointed an accusing finger at me saying that you are too personal. I don't think that they are to the point of being useless. I think they are universal and helpful to other people. I wouldn't want them to be personal to the point where no one else could understand. I don't think there is anything bad about being that way either. Offering something real instead of just rhyming words and talking about LURV. There has to be something more.

INSIDE FOUR WALLS

WAS THE MARQUIS DE SADE A LIBERATOR ?

O Slaughterers, jailors and imbeciles of all regimes nd governments, when will you come to prefer the science of understanding of man to that of imprisoning and killing him ?"

The rule of law is inferior to that of anarchy"

WITHIN THE FOUR WALLS OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE

"Frenchmen ! One more effort if you truly wish to be republicans !".

Any relief given to misfortune, any gesture that lightens the load of the distressed, is a real crime against the natural order"... discordance pleases nature since twas she that established it". Durcet in 120 Days of Sodom P426

Little is known of the early life of Donatien Alphonse Francois De Sade. Born into a wealthy but declining family in 1740. It is known that he gave Prince Louis Joseph de Bourbon such a beating at the age of four, a boy twice his age, that he had to be sent away, staying with his grandmother in the country. Here, according to his later memoirs he was indulged so much, that she could not cope with him, eventually being passed on to his uncle, the Abbe De Sade. At the age of ten he was moved again, to Paris, a rebellious headstrong boy by nature, to a school run by strict Jesuits. Little is known about what formed his early character but this must have been a huge turning point in his life. Even more than the abandonment of him by his parents. It is known for sure, that he developed an interest in theatre whilst here. The cane wielded by the priest during his years of puberty may have helped to have shaped him sexually.

After four years he enrolled into the Light cavalry School at Versailles. It was in the Seven Years War that he had the opportunity to prove himself. However the War in Europe, was one of stagnation for an aspiring cavalry officer. Instead de Sade turned to satisfying his desires with prostitutes. His conduct was so flagrant that his family heard of his activities several hundred miles away demanding that he apologise and curtail his behaviour. It was in 1762 that his Uncle the Abbe was caught in flagrante with two women, one of whom was a prostitute, pointing to the morality with which he was brought up in prior to the Jesuit School. The scandal was treated as a minor one as the Bishop was still able to keep his post. On 17th May 1763 De Sade married Renee Pelagie from an aspiring nouveau family, who were hoping to benefit from the more ancient lineage of the De Sade's. They were a money family who wished to move into a higher circle as the De Sade's were old nobility and connected to the Royalty. His life up to this point was one of traditional aristocratic ideals : church, army and arranged marriage for money.

However later that year De Sade was arrested for the Jeanne Testard Scandal. It was nothing new for an aristocrat to be involved in sexual scandals. What brought down De Sade was the clash between the morals of the aspiring aristocracy as represented by the Montreuil's and the old morality of the landed gentry which did what it wanted. There was a rise of the Bourgeois due to the increased sea trade and merchant activities. To be accepted by the older families they adopted a new morality that corresponded with the Work Ethic which looked warily at the carefree ways of the old families whilst at the same time envious of their social prestige. Therefore there was a backlash against forms of "devious behaviour". It was alleged that he had picked up a prostitute and then taken her back to his petite maison, a place for males to have sex, away from their spouses. He proposed to her that she should whip him and after that he would whip her. She told him she was pregnant and at this point he stated he would sodomise her. She managed to talk her way out of the situation by saying that she would assist the captor in a Black Magic Orgy next morning. Managing to get away after this, she alerted the police. De Sade naively, had signed his name on a piece of paper, giving her his name, so she could contact him for the Ritual. Consequently he was arrested and scandal followed, as sodomy was a capital offence. Prior to this in 1764 the Paris Police chief had warned Brothel Keepers about De Sade. He told them that he should not be allowed in due to his sexual proclivities. However De Sade had no need to frequent brothels, as he had his servant scour the working class districts of Paris for young women for his activites, whilst keeping a succession of ballet dancing mistress at his apartment for more sedate forms of intercourse. In 1765 he took one of these mistresses to the family chateau at La Coste and introduced her as his wife to the local populace. Her real identity was uncovered and De Sade's Mother In Law, Madame Montreuil was enraged. It was this inattentiveness to her feelings that was to be his downfall. Initially she blamed the Abbe for De Sade's behaviour, after all he had looked after the boy and had failed to give a proper example with his own conduct. In 1767 De Sade's father died leaving a huge debt. This was another blow for the Montreuil's as it meant that the family they had married into were financially insolvent. From now on he had to be more and more reliant on his wife's family for money. His income failing to match his tastes.

In 1768 he was afflicted with more scandal with the Rose Keller case. It was claimed by Keller that De Sade procured her, a young widower, to his petite maison at Arcueil. He then tied her up, whipped and threatened her with a knife, finally pouring melted wax on the wounds. After the ordeal she escaped. There is some debate over the story, with de Sade claiming she consented without being tied, and the wax was an ointment for abrasions. The authorities were again alerted, and De Sade was called to account for his behaviour. It was not the woman's pain that the magistrates were concerned with, as the Marquis's lack of morality. A Warrant was issued and De Sade fled. Rose Keller was bought off by the Mother In Law, Madame Montreuil. Later De Sade gave himself up to be tried. He was found guilty and fined ten livres. After the trial he was kept in gaol by the system of the "lettres de cachets" which provided indefinite imprisonment at the whim of the King. It was to be a foretaste of what was to come, but De Sade failed to learn from these indiscretions. However later on that year the King changed his mind, and De Sade was released. After his release he tried to join the army but his reputation preceded him and they refused. From this period until 1772 De Sade was to continue in his libertenage, debauching his sister in law, performing plays at La Coste and spending his inheritance on pleasure. During the whole of this period his wife stuck by him and produced three children. In 1772 there came another scandal at Marseilles. He indulged in sex games with four women that included whipping and the provision of, what are now believed to be, Spanish Fly pastilles. It seems that he gave them too much. The women believing that they had been poisoned reported the incident to the authorities. His wife again stayed loyal to him. Both De Sade and his servant were

PIE

¿PERVERSION OR

RRE MOLINIER 19$^{00}_{76}$

In 1976, his body betraying him, Molinier shot himself, his death, sculpted from his imagination; shot in front of the mirror, his arms crossing his chest, covering the gun. This delayed act, had long been planned. What he left behind were some images of the journey he hade made into the recesses of his psyche. It was Jung who exemplified the female and male characteristics that make up the personality. Molinier explored them for real, as a modern alchemist. He did not want to transform the world, but himself, exploring both the submissive and dominant forms of male/female, exploiting his body to remake himself. Therefore the images are "touched up"/recreated as Molinier added tits and removed his cock. All of this with a deep mocking smile on his face. Pushing beyond porn, bypassing bourgeois morality, Molinier delved into the world contained within his head, dragging it to the surface. Drawing on the world of the libertine, De Sade, his works' importance lies with him laughing, locked in a hotel room by himself, for 11 years, acting out his fantasies, searching to reinvent his body using the technology at hand; himself, props and camera. He succeeded in remodelling himself for the future, especially for an age where imagery and reality are becoming, by the minute, more and more blurred. His obsession becomes his monument. You can laugh, but how many millions live their lives and are just buried ?

PERVERSITY

convicted of poisoning and sodomy. Both were condemned to pray for penitence, the Marquis to be then beheaded and his servant strangled. They were also fined, in order to cover the costs of their executions. He fled with his sister in law, who he was now living with openly to Nice, part of the kingdom of Sardinia. For his Mother In Law this was to be the last outrage she could put up with. The marriage to one of the old French dynasties had proved to be a disaster, only bringing disgrace to the family name which she had hoped to enhance. On top of that, her son in law had now shop soiled her younger daughter, making it hard for the family name to be recouped to a more respectable family. She realised that her plans had been destroyed and began to work against her son in law. This would entail keeping him confined so that he could do no further harm. She petitioned the French Foreign minister, who asked the Sardinians to capture him. He was caught and kept within a fortress. His wife, forever faithful helped him to escape. He returned to the family estate at La Coste. There he hoped to live out the scandal until everything had settled down. La Montreuil could not forget and wanted vengeance for the hurt done to the family honour. She petitioned the Kings Ministers for De Sade to be arrested. A search party was sent to La Coste but failed to find him. In 1774-1775 de Sade was to rub salt in the wounds by staying at the La Coste with his wife and sister in law with a retinue of servants. Later that year his uncle the Abbe received a visitor at his residence, a young girl, claiming that she had been abused at a certain chateau. The Abbe realised which place she was talking about. She told him that five young women had been employed as servants, as well as a woman called Nanon (who turned out to be a procuress) and a male secretary. She told him stories relating to orgies, whippings and sodomy. This was to be the precursor of Silling, the infamous fortress in 120 Days of Sodom. La Montreuil adopted a dual strategy when she heard, by buying off accusations. She also pressed to have De Sade arrested so no more damage could be done to her name. Meanwhile De Sade was losing revenue from his lands as he still had a death sentence passed on him. Technically a fugitive of the law, no one rushed to pay their debts to him. This was causing him great inconvenience financially, as obviously he had ran out of credit with his wife's family. His wife, forever loyal, set about to try and persuade her mother that the Marquis was not immoral and could be changed. Feeling that she had nearly convinced her mother to have the death sentence squashed. She asked De Sade to accompany her to Paris whilst she would plead to bring her mother round. When she thought she had finally succeeded, Renee Pelagie announced that De Sade was in Paris. It was a fatal mistake, De Sade was arrested under the "lettre de cachets" system. This meant there was no specific sentence, it was all down to a whim of the King forced by aristocratic petitioning. He could be let out in a few weeks or he could be kept in prison indefinitely. Arrested and imprisoned he met another of his contemporaries, Mirabeau who wrote the "TORTURE GARDEN". They argued constantly. At Aix on 22nd June 1778 the death sentence was quashed but he was rearrested again under the "lettre de cachets". He had been duped by his mother in law who could not stand his behaviour. In July 1778 he escaped for a brief interlude of freedom, returning to La Coste where he found solace with another mistress, De. Rousset, who was to remain his correspondent until she died in 1784. On 26th August that year he was recaptured. For the next twelve years he was to remain imprisoned and it was here that he took up writing which had was to have a profound effect upon western thought.

It was while incarcerated in prison that De Sade was transformed from being a product of his age to a shaper of thought in the future. The Montreuil family paid to keep him there by providing an allowance to the prison governor each year. The only person from his immediate family who stuck with him was Renee Pelagie, who helped him by obtaining books and materials so he could study and occupy his mind. It was whilst in prison, cooped up in a tiny cell with little light, that he was to write Justine, 120 Days of Sodom, and Juliette, the greatest of his novels. !20 Days was written in a tiny script and concealed within his cell. On July 2nd 1789 de Sade improvised a megaphone from his Bastille cell telling the assembled crowd that the guards wanted to kill the prisoners. Two days after this he was moved to another prison after hiding his manuscripts and asking his wife to collect them. she failed to do so and he never really forgave her. Ten Days later the crowd stormed the prison in one of the famous acts of the Revolution, ransacking it. His manuscripts were forever lost to him. The loss of his work over the past twelve years was to cost De Sade "tears of blood". It was not until the last century that his work began to surface in limited editions.

Released in 1790 into the turmoil of the French Revolution, a fat middle aged man. His wife had enough of him. Renee Pelagie had been eternally faithful whilst he was in prison but she had dissipated her youth. She was now partially blind and her figure had bloated. She did not want to see him anymore. Four months after his release De Sade met Marie Constance Quesnet. With the revolution, his lands had initially passed away from him. The pillaging of the chateau destroyed any personal possessions he had. When he was released De Sade turned to writing plays but he was suspect being a former aristocrat. Thereafter De Sade became an ardent republican, becoming a member of the National Guard. As a pamphleteer he denounced the attempted flight of Louis XVI in "An Address to the French King from a Citizen of Paris". De Sade's stand was one of equality of all before the law moving to a democratic position with the publishing of "Ideas on the manner of Sanctioning Laws. In 1793 he was appointed as a Judge of the revolutionary court. He was however a confirmed opponent of Capital punishment.

This tolerance culminated in his meeting with his father in law as the latter were under suspicion by the new regime of being enemies of the State. De Sade instead of taking revenge worked to have is in laws placed on a list of those families who the new regime would tolerate. This act backfired on him as it caused suspicion to fall upon him as a non believer in the revolution. It culminated in his arrest in 1794, during the terror inspired by Robespierre. He was charged with being too lenient as a judge and joining patriotic organisations only to save his own skin. On the day of his trial and execution, due to bureaucratic bungling he was not called up. Later on that day there was a revolt against the Terror and Robespierre and his colleagues went to the Guillotine instead. De Sade had to wait with trepidation for his release. Finally allowed into the world, he had to cope with destitution as he had so little money coming in, trying to live off the income from his books that had been published most notably Justine. This was a period in the Revolution when there was a relaxation of the censorship laws. He was on the list of emigre's and so had no claims to the property that he previously owned which therefore left him without an income. He struggled until 1789 when the rise of Napoleon meant that all the old sequestration orders were lifted. Although the new regime was tolerant of the old Aristocracy it was not so tolerant of De Sade's views on society as expressed in his books, most notably his caricature of Napoleon. In 1801 he was arrested by the new regime for being a pornographer specifically for "Justine". From then on until his death De Sade was imprisoned in three institutions. His Bastille manuscripts believed lost, his other works confiscated and destroyed he suffered perpetual harassment. He was moved from the first prison for allegedly making improper suggestions to some of the male inmates. From the second prison he was moved to a more comfortable residence, this being a mental hospital. This was raided in 1803 and his current manuscripts were seized and burnt, "The Days Of Florbelle". His son also petitioned various keepers of manuscripts for them to be destroyed in order to uphold the family name. De Sade's writing switched to historical plays. In 1814 according to his diaries he had a mistress, the fourteen year old daughter of one of the employees of the asylum. The Marquis at this time was 74. on 30th November 1814 De Sade died. he had already left instructions for his body to be left in the room where he had died for two days with the coffin open. He was then to be transported to La Coste and buried with no ceremony or funeral. Oak trees were then to be planted to eradicate all traces. His son, who was ashamed and who hated his father took over and instead he was buried in a cemetery where he died with a cross and the rites of the church

MARQUIS DE SADE

DE SADE THE REVOLUTIONARY

De Sade lay buried, his manuscripts lost for two centuries, slowly to emerge. Only recently have the books appeared on ordinary shelves, the horror they contained paternally kept away from easily corrupted minds. The works contain other ideas than feeding the fantasies of would be Moors Murderers.

In his "Revolution of Everyday Life," Vanegeim states " It is high time he was read as carefully by revolutionaries as Marx". P160.

The reason being that in 120 Days De Sade shows how four men break from the social morality of the time and act out their fantasies, albeit at the expense of other human beings. This acting out of desire, Willhelm Reich and the Situationalists believed, would lead to the liberation of humanity, free from the constraints of Capital. The release of humanity depends upon the complete unshackling from the confines of socialisation, and the liberation of the creative impulse. History is the march of humans in trying to establish this, via the liberation of the proletariat. Vanegeim sees his as the last great aristocratic rebel trying to force human behaviour as far as it can go.

This view depends on the basic premise that socialism is more than the liberation of the means of production, but the creation of a "new man" based on a social/cultural revolution in ideas.

FEUDALISM

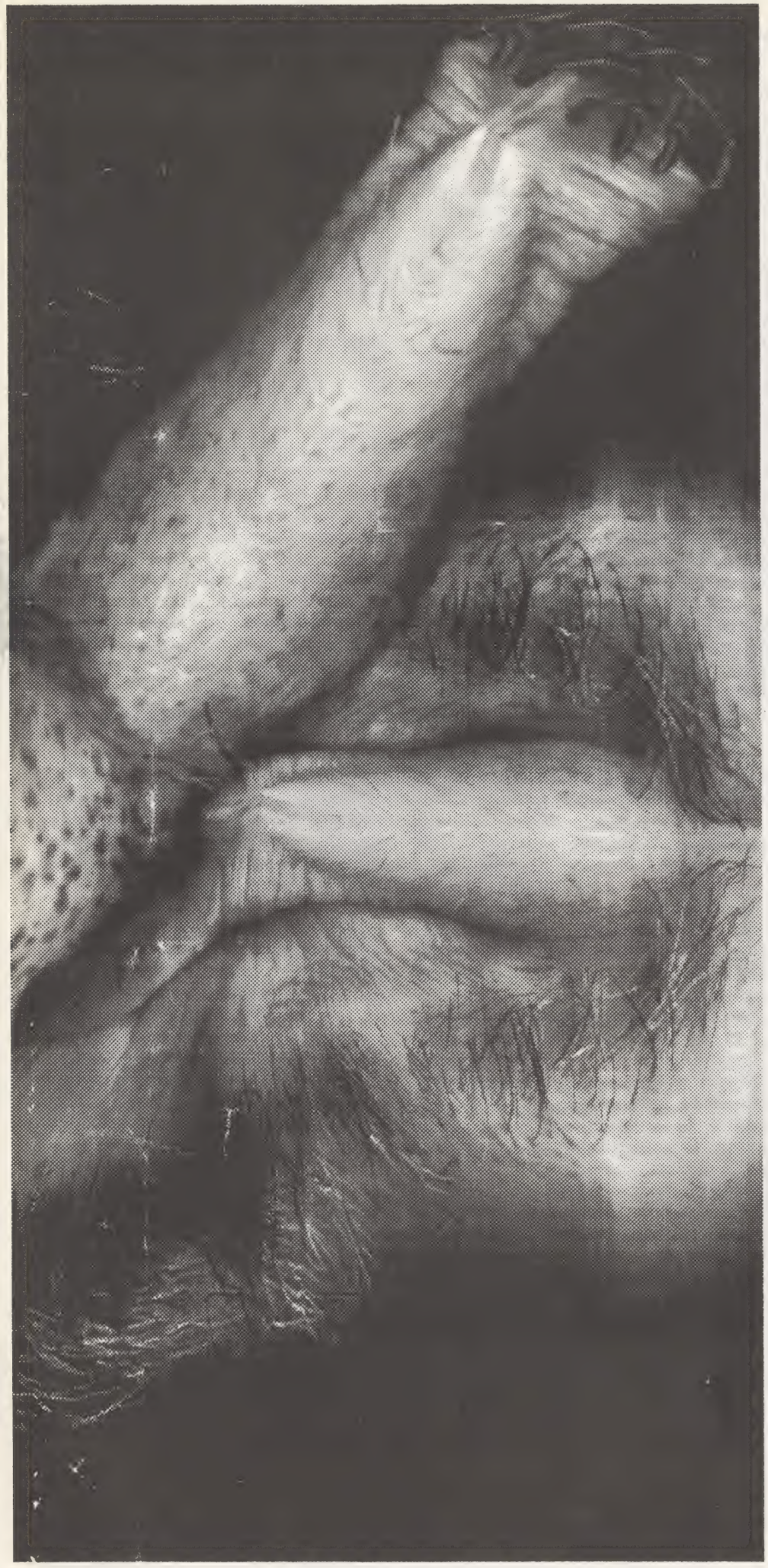
What De Sade has to offer is a cynical sneer at his own class and a portrayal of sexual greed that is psychopathic.

The aristocracy of the Middle ages were able to attain some form of control in their lives by dominion over their subjects. They had ideological mastery over their possessions (serfs and their families) and could do what they wanted within certain limits. The lower orders were pawns to be utilised at the Masters bidding. This aspiration for total dominion over the whole of their lives is the project of the emancipation of the proletariat who in modern society are relegated to consuming. However what Vanegiem neglects is the psychological cost to the psyche that allowed the "heroes" in De Sade's work to exist. There is no analysis, in De Sade's stories, of the brutalisation process that the feudal aristocracy underwent. This must of extinguished any feelings they had in relation to the poverty that existed around them. It could be argued they grew up with it, seeing it as natural, part of the order of things. However all brutal societies have psychological fallout as a byproduct. From Imperial Rome to South Africa psychological disturbances have rippled through society at the carnage created, trying to maintain a vicous regime.

What Vanegeim looks for is the project of the whole man who can co exist within society as a fully creative individual, as Marx postulated. This meant the equivalent of a Renaissance man, a lawyer in the morning, painter by afternoon and scientist by night. It would consist of a society of egos, where everyone would be the master of their own destiny. They would be free from superstition of religion and based on co operation. Man will no longer be an object to be manipulated. Individual experience will change as people devlope what Colin Wilson terms "Factor X", a richer existence. The stultifying boredom of the bourgeois mode of life is revealed as nothing more than a blanket around everybody's eyes in the form of commodity enslavement. The basic idea of this liberation has echoes within Stirner, the anarchist philosopher, who believed in a society of egos where everyone would cooperate with one another because of individual emancipation. Each would be creatively armed with the same tools. This would do away with the need for competition. The Situationalist critique takes it one step further as they try to unite the psychic with science, in the project of creating the whole man. De Sade's is important, as someone who defied morality by deliberately provoking the hypocritical morality of the age as far as he could, and continuing to defy convention even whilst in prison. Whilst there, he underwent a catharsis and his attack upon society became sharper. Going beyond a mere individual revolt against morality, as he took on the whole of the society. His attack was especially virulent on those who wielded power in his era. The result was a snapshot of a society on the eve of one of the greatest changes in human society, the French Revolution. The old Feudal system (based on an agrarian culture of lord and peasant,) was creaking with the rise of the merchant class, the bourgeoisie and the skilled town worker. De Sade locked away in the Bastille aimed to destroy morality which hindered human emancipation. This is not to say that his books are politically correct.

CRITIQUE OF SITU

What Vanegeim misses out on De Sade is that there were boundaries set at Selling. (The castle of 120 Days). In the novel 120 Days of Sodom, the aristocrats try to employ the kitchen staff in the Holocaust. They are dissuaded by a threatened strike forcing them to stick to the subjects they have chosen. It shows that even the "unlimited power" had boundaries that could not be exceeded. The story itself is an allegory in the same way that Swift, who De Sade read, wrote Gullivers Travels. It was not written to eroticise behaviour, but as a mirror to show the excesses of the period, in relation to the treatment of women by men and how power can be utilised. It was a satire based on how the weak should be dominated by the strong, in the same way that all the public institutions undertook this endeavour. The ultimate way of showing this corruption of power, is by transferring it to the sexual sphere, a taboo recess. However De Sade was no quasi feminist. There is a certain relishing of the tortures in his books as it partly fed his own incarcerated desire. Very loosely based on the seeds of De Sade's own life it was elaborated to form a treatise upon sexual behaviour, documenting a multitude of perversions. (I use the latter



word as the activities took part against the consent of the majority of the participants who were forced to comply.) It is more complex than a feminist treatise, as De Sade shows how certain women collude with the power hierarchy and exploit the relation ship to suit their own needs, hence the Four Narrators at Silling and the story of Julliete. (A woman who uses men). It was men who set the boundaries of that society, a particular class of male who held economic, cultural and political power. Juliette is a woman who climbs through the social hierarchy on the backs of her dead lovers. She realises the necessity of this in order to survive in a male dominated world. There is little room for sentiment. In the brutal environment she inhabits, it is either eat or be eaten. Justine her sister, who tries to remain virtuous throughout her life, suffers torment after torment. He shows the inhumanity of the period as any gratitude is deemed as weakness to be preyed upon by the strong, to be used against those who were not ruthless. The society portrayed is an idealisation of Hobbes, with life for the weak, being nasty brutish and short.

WHAT WAS DE SADE ABOUT

De Sade was illustrating a realist view of societal mores of the time, railing against the hypocrisy of Christianity, with its pious beliefs and colossal power. De Sade was a passionate atheist. The characters in his books deliberately try to provoke divine intervention by castrating, disembowelling and blaspheming, then asking for God to intervene. As nothing happens this confirms their view that nothing exists except nature. This hatred of religion is portrayed in several of the works, notably in "Justine". In the Abbey where she turns for solace she finds it solely devoted to the debauchery of women, an echo of his uncle's behaviour. Another satirical attack is in the sexual preferences of the Bishop in 120 Days. The latter prefers to sodomise his victims, a sexual act that was punishable by death for anyone who took part. To give this act to a chaste Bishop of the Roman Catholic Faith was a daring artistic gamble that was without precedent. This was written just before the Revolution, when the church as a supreme power did not take criticism lightly. Therefore it is hard to encompass the degree of bite in this work in our blase agnostic era.

To portray a Bishop breaking his vow of chastity would have been shocking, but to depict him as a sodomising rapist of children who had trouble getting an erection with little girls, preferring little boys, initiates the reader into the hatred that De Sade showed for the Church. There was only Swift with his work on Ireland that gurgled the same bile as De Sade. Coupled with this blasphemy was the constant harking back to the older pre-Christian themes in his stories, concerning nature as the shaper of human conduct. The philosophical content echoes the philosophy of Machiavelli in "The Prince". De Sade applied his morality to the whole of society, rather than to one section of the ruling elite. He went further in his analysis than Hobbes and

Machiavelli. He attempted to show that nothing existed, apart from hedonism based on humiliation. Pleasure was what everybody sought, and pain is what they tried to avoid. The biggest sensation a man could attain was through sex. Cruel nature has deemed it that way, as there is no morality in nature only the strong survive. Sex was equated with power, as the recipient was an object of lust and not a responsive agent. There is little romantic sex in any of his work. Therefore the more power that a master has, the more enjoyment. The way that power is measured is through the ability to humiliate and take control over another's life. This humiliation can only be judged by the amount of pain that the victim undergoes. By forcing the recipients to undergo a differing variation of violation, the Four Members of the aristocracy at Silling, were able to constantly satiate their feelings. They were addicted to sexual atrocities, therefore each narrator piled on the pain, administering a further dosage of realism, so the events could be acted out. Eventually the atrocities piled up. All other philosophies not based on sexual hedonism were trappings, to make feel people feel guilty about their conduct. De Sade's revenge on society was bitter. It was his views on morality that were revolutionary, the idea that it was arbitrary. It was not a fixed entity as the church preached but the result of the rich being able to impose their ideology through a non existent god.

What De Sade offered instead of religous morality which saw man as essentially bad was a relativist concept. Man was the product of the society he lived in. Against this view was his belief that the shaper of society was nature. The role of nature in society was something taken up during the revolution. Ultimately this leads to the Marquis views on human nature to verge on the mechanistic (man equals machine) seeing human character based on nature rather nurture. For example he states in "Justine";

acridity in the blood stream, makes a man precisely what he is, either for better or for worse....(p221-213).

This entails that Man's character is fixed and there is little movement within it. However this clashes with the idea that morality is relative to the society you live in. If nature is the supreme arbiter then all societies would gravitate to the same principles. However all over the world different social groupings have evolved to meet the needs of numerous societies. The human mind has been able to control nature to a great extent. It has the ability to both reflect on its actions and to feel empathy with others. It is difficult to visualise ants falling in love and to produce anything other than the continuation of the species. Humans are more than the sum products of nature. They are involved in a dialectic with it, the product and shaper in continous dialogue. This is missing from his work.

Does he believe these statements his characters speak ? Or is he double bluffing the reader, guffawing into his sleeve as he commits another mental atrocity, testing patience as he strikes back on a society that spurned him.

One clue is given when De Sade uses this philosophy to justify his sexual tastes, as he believes that he was born with his condition. Thus it is no use punishing him, as it is as silly as punishing a lame beggar for a bad leg. He also stated that;

"...nature acts alone and without any primary cause..." Letter p145 Peter Owen).

Therefore some acts appear inexplicable, this is similar to the religious message of God moving in mysterious ways. In an attempt to explain behaviour it is the closest that De Sade moves to religion, albeit clothed in Pantheism. Nature is random in its acts, there is no cause. As nature is not constrained by human morality, it acts outside of societal values. Man is also the product of Nature. Therefore the only values that exist are those of Nature, which are amoral. Man to be free must act according to nature and try not to fight against it. This leads to an acceptance of all behaviour, undermining the religious morality prevalent in the period. Allied to his belief in nature was a faith in science which would unlock the key to this hypothesis. This would show that man's character was located within him. This leads to no one being responsible for their actions and a curtailment of free will. Everyone being a biological clock that enacts a predestined course. However people willingly constrain their actions in society so they are not constantly at war with their neighbour. De Sade's characters would state this is unhealthy. In his work there is a constant referral for the need for everyone to act out their desires. No matter what the expense is to another human being.

An aspect of this belief system is that all behaviour is the same, and cannot be judged good or evil. This has some echoes in De Sade's personal belief system. There are the actions which brings pleasure and those which provides unhappiness. The conduct that provides the most pleasure is sex. This is the engine of human experience and what everyone aspires to. It is this ambivalence in his work towards unleashing all pleasure, even perverted pleasure, that which is inflicted on non consenting persons, and the satirical attack on those who indulge in this, that has caused the confusion in his work, leading to the term Sadism. In "Justine", De Sade, through the character Rodin, defends Incestual Rape. There is a great unlikelihood of De Sade ever being personally involved in such an act as he was locked in Vincennes and the Bastille whilst his children were growing up. It is more of an attempt by him to come at some form of understanding as to the motivation, and to shock. In Rodin's defence of his actions he states if there was a society where this was the norm, then there would be nothing wrong, as everyone would be agreed that it was acceptable behaviour. Therefore the sanctions employed against pederasty are tied to the cultural values of the time. Either they could indulge and be happy, or not indulge and be equally content. By decriminalising Incest it would take away the fear, making it more pleasurable. It is the philosophy of the strong, in relation to the weak. Obviously there is no analysis of the outcome of the actions upon the victim, as it is taken for granted that society has always, and will always, be organised on the principle of superiority.

"Thus a law which proscribes incest would only have succeeded in increasing the ranks of unfortunate and unhappy human beings." (Justine P170 Corgi).

This defence is contrasted with the plight of the heroine who is the victim of men throughout the book, whilst clinging to her belief in God and virtue. In a letter to his wife whilst incarcerated in Vincennes in 1781 De sade writes;

"My dear wife, remember this, the despair of women who have despised virtue is the respect in which it is held by those who have constantly honoured it; these would be doubters who want others to desecrate the God whom their hearts shudder to name. Preserve, preserve this virtue !" (p95 P.Owen Letters)

De Sade had a dualist side to his nature. He was forever abusing the good nature of his wife by his actions before he was locked up. At the same time there was something in him that needed her stability. It could be argued that he could not have carried on with his debauchery if she had been less forgiving. He would not have the pleasure in humiliating her with his continual sexual activities if she had been of a similar nature to him. Within him there was a craving to be accepted, which his wife was to offer, and his mother in law was to abhor. This quote shows he did not believe in the theories of Rodin and was sympathetic to the plight of Justine as the male protagonists in the book abused her throughout. He shows Rodin himself as a hypocrite as his theories are a smoke screen for his sexual dissection of bodies all in the name of science. De Sade far from glorifying perversion, attempted to dissect motive for himself. This passage has obvious signs for the role of scientific enquiry where the body is treated as little more than an object, whether for sexual purposes or in the name of progress. In the case of Rodin, the two were combined. This ideology was a precursor for the mass ravages that took place in Eastern Europe and since.

Later in the book, Dalville, a man whom Justine helps, turns on her, enslaving her in his crude factory. He states that nature has created two types of human beings, the strong and the weak. The latter are the prey for the former, as nature decrees it. He feels no gratitude to her for her help, because;

"The man who receives from another is always humiliated in receiving- and is this very humiliation sufficient repayment for the service rendered ?" P237 Corgi).

The character further eulogises :

"The slave preaches the virtues of kindness and humility to his master, because he has need of them; but the master, better guided by nature and his passions, has no need to devote himself to anything excepting

those things that serve or please him. Be kind as you wish, if you enjoy such things-but don't demand any reward for having had your pleasure." (P237 Corgi)

De Sade puts forward a Machiavellian morality in the mouth of his character. This should not be confused with actions in his own life. De Sade put himself in danger by being excessively lenient when he was in a position of power during the Revolution.Throughout the latter part of his life he was in the position of the "weak", at the mercy of the "letter du cachets" system. Something that he complained of bitterly, during the time he was kept at Vincennes and at the Bastille. If he followed his own logic, then he should accept that he was under anothers control and do his best to serve the stronger force. What De Sade was doing by putting forward such theories through his characters, was mirroring the lack of humanity at the time. Stripping away the Christian morality of the provision of help to people in a weaker position. This was an exposition of the humbug of the paternalist structures of the church and state, exposing it for what it was, the domination of the rich over the poor. The Feudal system, destroyed in 1789, rested on the rich feudal landlords creaming off taxes, whilst the serfs were provided with a degree of security by the landlord. This system was creaking, resting only on exploitation, especially with new taxes raised to pay for the French involvement in the American War of Independence. It was to reach its breaking point with the Revolution. The rich could not care for their part of the bargain, the system worked on domination alone and all the rest was an ideological smokescreen.

De Sade's work is an ironic pastiche of this pre-revolutionary era. He saw though the pretence of morality, upheld by the Judiciary he hated, and whom he satirised in the short story "The Magistrate". These people used the screen of justice to hide the naked ambitions of the state, in imposing its morality and economic power. The Magistrate is portrayed as a hypocrite who only uses the implements of the state to further his own aims.It was also an attack on the new morality of the rising bourgeois as he recognised it was a shallow pretence. What they really wanted was the same end product, but not the involvement of his characters. The state would deliver their abstract tortures instead of the direct contact of his protagonists. Whilst they preached a regulation of sexual behaviour they would not give a second thought to the execution of some poor unfortunate who breached their code. They would also make a spectacle of the event. De Sade was against all forms of punishment seeing it as an arbitrary set of laws based upon whim and custom based on power to enforce it, rather than any universal principle. Instead of looking to abstract notions of justice, De Sade saw the individual seeking his own way of satisfying his revenge as the was of obtaining satisfaction. Obviously this type of belief was coloured by his own incarceration which was indefinite and based upon a whim rather than any actual crime. However during the Revolution he failed to section the death sentence of the Montreuils even at the expense of his own safety. This shows the extent of his convictions and the belief that something other than naked greed and avarice is the guiding principles of society. It seems that De Sade even welcomed the Revolution, with its belief in equality, although not the multitude of deaths that followed in its wake.

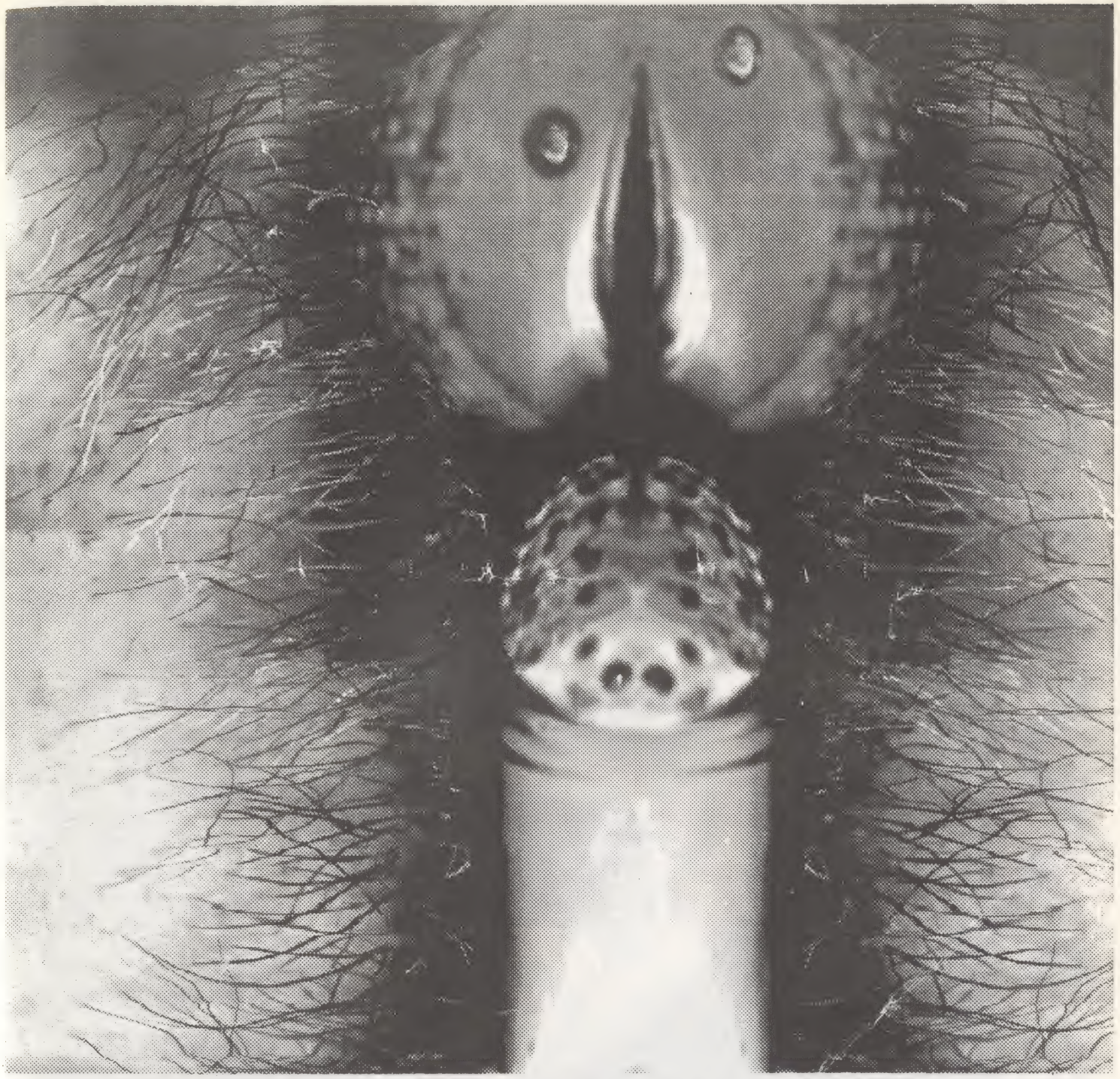
One of the reasons why there are so many sanctions against people seeing his work is the effect that it could have on easily influenced minds. De Sade made the point this type of power already exists and needs no prompting from himself to bring it about. It was not his writings that triggered off the bloodbath of the Terror. He was not responsible for the Holocausts that predated him. His work echoes with the cries of the Inquisition especially in regards to the Albegensian heretics, the Childrens Crusade where multitudes of European children where enslaved by Moslem pirates, the excesses of Gilles De Rais in regards to his subjects and Elizabeth Bathory. The Witchcraft trials of the 17thc and 15thc were equivalent to the Final Solution in their severity to the population at the time. These are just some of the events that had taken place that De Sade would have come across in his extensive reading. It was these disasters that he was satirising, basing the analogy of the events upon his own life experiences. His works are nothing more than his attempt to bring the severity of these events to the written page. In this he attempted to show how the abuse of power makes men drunk and how individuals collude in its abuse. He chose the sexual arena to set his version of "Gullivers Travels" because that is what he knew about. It was also his way of getting back at a society that had spurned him and denied him the pleasures that he wanted. Therefore he constructed the elaborate stories from the 'Bricks and Mortar' of his own experience in an effort to shock a complacent public of the day, wallowing in its bourgeois morality of denial. It has also been pointed out, the works contribute to one big masturbatory fantasy that fed his sexual appetite whilst he was in prison. Unable no longer to act out his pleasures, he eroticised them in an idealised situation. He was successful in lending his name to a whole sub species of cruelly with pleasure. There is no proof to show that he enjoyed rape and sexual pleasures against another person's will. He did use his position as a member of the aristocracy in relation to the exploitation of working class women, whom he could treat with more excess than women of his own class. In this he was nothing more the product of his age unable to break out of its limits. If this was his sole crime then the gaols would have been fuller than the cities. It was not until his imprisonment that he was able to reflect upon this experience and transcend from being a mere product, to dialectically shaping future events, even though his books have been proscribed. It was in the prison cell that he underwent a catharsis, reflecting upon the world at large through his reading and analysing his own behaviour. The books are more than 18th Century porn. They do not represent a coherent body of thought, more the expression of a number of differing viewpoints that are vented through the mouths of the characters.

DE SADE THE ALIENATED MAN

De Sade's writings were a pointer to future events based on the process of alienation where the person experiences himself as another, failing to find satisfaction within him/herself, needing outside objects to manipulate in order to feel human. These objects had to be more than just inert and unfeeling. The pleasure was in the ability to measure it. This meant it could only be compared with anothers unhappiness, which meant having a victim that was in perpetual torment. Only then could the protagonists in his novels gain the satisfaction that they craved. The four members of the Aristocracy at Silling in "120 Days" increased the torment of their victims to sustain their excitement. There is no sense of Romantic joy in the sex that takes place, only the brute force of pleasure of doing evil. They moralised that they were only copying the actions of Nature, which is perpetually in motion, creating through birth, and destroying through death. It is this pleasure in copying Nature by aping its destruction, that provided them with sustenance. It was part of De Sade's conditioning as a member of the old Aristocracy that he was able to see all the faults, but no pointers to a liberation. He held up a mirror to a society that was based on greed, exploitation and domination, which was to undergo a major catharsis that has reverberations to the present day. It is no coincidence that he was writing at a time of upheaval, contributing to one of its most famous acts, the sacking of the Bastille, which rebounded upon him. (He lost his twelve years work). To take his work literally is to do him an injustice that he sought to expose. What he wanted was to be allowed out, to continue his life of pleasure. He saw nothing wrong with his libertenage, as it was based on the consent between the partner and himself. At the same time he recognised that here was something wrong with a society that locked him up for his sexuality and allowed public executions by the state, where people could gain satisfaction by watching state sanctioned murder. It was this tension that he tried to work out in his books.

His writing is flawed, not just in style, there is a lack of analysis and understanding of the role of the victims. To some extent they are all cardboard cut out characters, usually with a pious belief in religion, which he ridicules.

It is this failing that relegates his work and makes its readings appear ambivalent. Throughout it there is a great deal of bluster put into the mouths of the dominators as to why they are justified in their actions. The people at the end of the brutalities do not



philosophise to their torturers why they may be wrong. They are merely portrayed as unwilling victims, who do not collude to escape, or kill their captors, as in 120 Days, only effecting minor rebellions of the harsh code imposed upon them. It could be argued that the totality of the situation proscribed any action, but there are no attempted suicides or any attempt to understand what they are feeling whilst they are humiliated. Only a dull acceptance of fate. De Sade is not concerned with the actions and strategies of the submissive. He is only concerned with the actions of the strong. There is little explanation given as to the motivation of the dominant, only a referral to a harsh society and nature which justifies such acts after a spiritual enema. The belief that there is no God of love, because life is nasty brutish and short.

If he did exist would he allow all the suffering to take place. Nature is the system that exists, and that continually destroys, therefore by destroying they are only helping the process. It may provide clues to the motivation of a South American torturer, but as Hanah Arendt shows in her book "The Banality of Evil", the Nazi persecutors in the death and concentration camps went home to a family life, attending church and the equivalent of walking the dog on a Sunday afternoon after a hard weeks work. The brutalisation that makes a torturer is far more complex than what De Sade has to offer. The emancipatory elements in his work, rest on his demolishing of the Christian paternalist system showing there is no God. This is the real advance for freedom, but as his work was lost for so long its effect has diminished as others such as Nietzsche, Freud and Marx put forward more coherent arguments for human behaviour. The interest in De Sade mainly lies in the thought patterns of a member of the aristocracy of the late 18th Century.

OTHER READS

THE MARQUIS DE SADE *By Donald Thomas* Published by Alison and Busby
JUSTINE *By de Sade* Published by Peter Owen
GOTHIC TALES *By de Sade* Published by Peter Owen
FOUR TALES *By de Sade*
120 DAYS OF SODOM *By de Sade* Published by Wainhouse and Sever
THE LIFE AND IDEAS OF THE MARQUIS de SADE *By G Gorer*

DEATH IN JUNE

FIST I understand you're releasing a Crisis CD ?

DOUG There's some studio songs and live tracks that were never released. I was going to add these to the CD. It's peculiar, whilst listening to them, I was in Paris, and the Queen drove by with the Duke of Edinburgh. I looked up, there were no crowds, just a phalanx of motorcyclists with them. I couldn't hear anything apart from all this primitive Punk Rock and there she was. It was just like a Sex Pistols advert. After that I thought, ; "I don't want to do it." There's this overriding feeling of horribleness about the group. I feel very unsure about it. Not only that, but I have to contact all the other people, outside of

LESSON TWO: DESPAIR

Tony of course.

FIST Did you fall out then ?

DOUG It's not that, but fifteen years of leading one's life without having seeing them. It seems irrelevant. I don't want to devote energy on something, that was so long ago. There was also a bad aura about the group, if that doesn't sound too stupid. I dislike handling it. I was thinking back over the archive material and I just remember bad things happening. I don't want to resurrect that. It may not manifest itself.

FIST What were your intentions with Crisis ?

DOUG It's fairly straight forward. We wanted to be a political Punk group. Tony and I were both involved in far left politics. Rather than just being a pop group that espoused politics, like The Clash, who at the time we thought were genuine, we wanted to be involved in things, and do songs. We thought it was a good idea to do this "agit prop group", and it would be even better if we were good at it. We wanted to change the world. At the end of it all, both Tony and I realised that we only wanted to change it because we couldn't stand it. Really it was an inverted form of Fascism. We were always being called Red Fascists by the Labour or Communist Party. They were probably right. I realise that I couldn't change other people, only myself and those close to me. That was the end of the matter. Now I think, if I don't like them then fuck 'em. I'm not wasting my life on those people. Back then I didn't like the state of the world, that's why I was involved in Trotskyist politics. I felt quite serious about it from 17 until 23. Eventually I felt disillusioned working with the people involved, because they were not good people to have in control. Basically I see humanity as a seething mass of Insanity that has to be kept in check. It's not basically good. It's not changed by society, it can influence certain aspects of it. I also think you can be born bad.

FIST Bad, is a cultural idea though.

DOUG Yes but if I drew a chopper and cut off your arm without any reason, without feeling any remorse, that's bad. The things I've seen in Croatia are bad, and beyond my imagination. It's not an abstract quantity, it exists, in whatever Nationality. Having seen a war... when groups play with that imagery, I find it kind of nothing now, pathetic. I don't think your record covers are shocking ! It's an everyday occurrence for some people and the ordinariness of it makes it more vile. Slitting open somebodies guts and torturing them just because they are a different Nationality is insane. It's real, it's not a game or an art event, just disgusting. Even the idea of upsetting the order of the day is dangerous. The order of the day is the best we are going to get. Unfortunately it probably doesn't control people enough, in terms of the wrong people. The fact that Fear stalks the streets these days.

FIST How did Death In June come about from Crisis ?

DOUG When we split, Tony and I said we would work again but that we needed a break. We started up some months later. Then Patrick came along. Our first gig I think, was at Mallet Street with the Birthday Party. Death In June were avowed not to play political benefits. Crisis played more than it's fair share of them. In 1981 all that strong feeling about things had gone. We were completely disillusioned with politics by then.

FIST The lyrics deal with pathos. Is this how you see them ?

DOUG People get the weird impression that I'm looking back to a mediaeval time when everyone was chivalrous and noble, or thinking I'm looking at Nazi Germany where everything was wonderfully bleak, austere and committed. It's not like that at all. If the present isn't as what it could be in my personal life, then maybe that pathos comes through. I don't analyse things like that. If I think I've articulated truthfully then I'm happy. I don't sit down and write; "things ain't what they used to be. What can I write today ?" It's a bit sad that, isn't it ? The best group I've never be in is "The Pet Shop Boys". It would make much more sense. When I'm fifty I'm still going to be asked If I'm still a Nazi Occult Child Molester. I will never be deemed as Joe Normal. It haunts me wherever I go in the world. I'll never be able to sit with my memoirs and nice cosy friends around a fireside one evening and go, "look at these press cuttings, aren't they lovely ?". It's too late, the die is cast and I'm quite happy about it.

FIST Are you a misanthropist ?

DOUG Some people literally, are bred for work, and that is what they are good for and breeding. That's why we've had a surfeit of not very good people over the past say, seventy years, especially during this decade. The Two World Wars have culled too many of the good. We are left with the rest, hence the gradual disintegration of the soul of humanity. The useless people have overbred in this century. The huge mechanisation has meant there is no real need for drone beings anymore. The wrong type of person tends to breed like rabbits and they go on and on. Now we are surrounded by this untermensch, ignorant lumpen people. Marx recognised this, the problem breeds. The order as it stands is cockeyed.

FIST Hasn't the past has always been like that ?

DOUG Apparently yes, but I don't know. I can't remember living in the past so I don't know what it was like. It seems to be particularly bad at the moment. It's not just me saying these misanthropic quotes. I hear lots of people saying it. It is common place, so there must be something happening now, that people are taking note of. Nothing is being done about it.

FIST There is always a problem as to who is going to be doing the culling ?

DOUG I think no one is capable of doing anything really. Basically this country has turned into an illiterate septic isle hasn't it ?

FIST Maybe it always has been though ?

DOUG I remember literacy being better some years ago. As an example, people can't add up in shops without a calculator. Even then they can't do it very well. When they write the bill out, a monkey may have

written it. This is on the news anyway, the decline in education. I spent most of my time away from school. I loathed it but I had a natural leaning to educating myself. I didn't like being taught anything. The only good years I had there, were the last three, when I knew I was going to get out. Then I enjoyed myself a little bit more. I spent most of my time away. It's to do with self motivation. A lot of people aren't self motivated, they like being stupid. If you like being stupid, in the darkness about things, it doesn't necessarily mean about bad adding up or bad spelling, you should make an effort about it. Whatever crap job I've been in, I've always tried to do it as best as possible, and I've had plenty of them before doing this. There's no self respect anymore, there's no wanting to do anything good. It's part and parcel of their problem, and mine, because I have to live with it. There are constant complaints about quality of work. Things could be infinitely better.

FIST In what way though ?

DOUG People could be nicer, more aware of their life force.

FIST There are vested interests in stultifying intelligence.

DOUG Yes, but I come from an ordinary working class background and I seem to be able to think about other things. I don't mean the working class as a whole. I'm talking about the mass as a whole. They are particularly stupid, the masses. That extends throughout the classes in this country. They all love being in their own ghetto.

FIST Having lived in an environment in Cambridge and seeing the middle and upper classes I don't think they have much to offer, intelligence wise.

DOUG Exactly, they're just as horrible.

FIST To think that those people have power over some aspect of our lives.

DOUG It extends across the range. That is why I say it is the mass and not the proletariat, per se. It's right across society, that's why it's worrying.

FIST It was like that before the First World War surely ?

DOUG I don't know. I don't think we are a country now capable of building an Empire that ruled over half the world. There must have been something there to achieve that. This want for exploration and the unknown. I can't see any of that in our so called leaders or anyone who would dare attempt to think about something like that, regardless of the pros and cons of it.

FIST A lot of it was spearheaded by individual companies such as the East India company.

DOUG At least those people were there and doing that kind of thing. I can't think of Reebok doing it. Although I suppose they may be doing it in their own sort of way. That's interesting, even now. On the adverts on TV, it's either Reebok or Nike saying "Don't play, compete." Win no matter whatever. Great It's the complete antithesis of what sport is supposed to be about. You may as well cheat and fuck them. As long as you're wearing our shoes it doesn't matter. That's exactly what I hate about society. It's what goes down really great though.

FIST The spirit of the eighties.

DOUG It's the spirit of now, the nineties, the eighties were the lead up.

FIST How did you break out of that situation ?

DOUG Because I'm a naturally soulful, spirited type of person who rises above everything else. (LAUGHS)

FIST So it's something you're born with, genetics ?

DOUG Either that or soul implantation. I believe that life forces are flying around all the time any way. Once you're born I believe that something flies into that person. I can see bits of me in my parents but not a lot. I wouldn't say genetics, but I don't know anything beyond my parents, like my grandparents. One was killed in the First World War and the other disappeared. I only know about my immediate family. In my experience some people can be so different from the others. I think there is a strong case for soul implants, for want of a better word. It enters you because you are the next available device.

FIST It takes things away from free will. It's a pre ordination of people.

DOUG I believe in destiny, within which you do have a degree of free will, but only so much. "The Wall of Sacrifice" was named when I was in a dream. I was taken into a house that was on fire, where one of the walls was covered in ice, through which there was frozen blood.I could see the brick work through the blood. As it melted, depending how it went, that would be how your life would go. Therefore it depended how you directed the flame. That was your life, the "Wall of sacrifice". It corresponds to the "Web of Wyrd" which is the North European idea where you are stuck within a web, but you can struggle to get out of it. There is an element of free will within that.

FIST You use a lot of Fascist imagery. How does that fit in with what you are saying ?

DOUG Such as ?

FIST The Horst Wessel song on the "Brown Book".

DOUG That was really used as a trap. All the stuff had been going on. No matter what I did I was accused of being this, that and the other, by the music press. I thought, alright, let's go all out. On that album I went for contradictions. On "Brown Book" first of all, the title was taken from a book printed by the East Germans, which listed all the top Nazis and ex SS men that were in power, either in government or in the big industrial firms working in West Germany. I think in other countries they had the "Grey Book", and the "Black Book" in Russia, or they did have. I chose to call it that because as you know, Brown Book equals Brown shirts, but in fact it's an East German Communist book. In a similar way I took an album title from the film "The World That Summer". This deals with the dilemma a part Jewish, Hitler Youth, who finds himself, belonging to neither.Throughout the film he becomes nullified to everyone, having no emotions at the end. There is a segment of the film where a Brown Shirt, this is 1936 post purge of 34 (Night of the long Knives where Hitler and the SS annihilated the Socialist element of the Nazi movement). He's talking about a variety of matters and taking an idiotic stand on some things that were completely anti SA and much more SS. He accused the SS of being homosexuals which is what the SA were infamous for. That was juxtaposed, that speech, by the half Jewish grandmother saying that life was like jumping from one ice float to another, with each jump they get smaller and smaller. The end is inevitable. I mixed those two things with the Horst Wessel song. It was a contradiction. That's why I used it. It became banned in Germany like nobodies business (LAUGHS). That's because people didn't listen to it fully and hear all the other voices going on. I like the idea of people falling into that trap. It's more filmic. It's the only time I've been deliberately provocative. I thought of that, because an incident did occur when I lived in Tuffnel Park. A man came in one evening and was so taken in by my knowledge, he did an impromptu version of "Horst Wessel", in German. It was one of those mystical experiences in real life. I thought I'm going to have to get that down some time. He does it at parties, his party trick. Which parties, who am I to say ? (LAUGHS)

FIST What about other images like the Deaths Head ?

DOUG The six is taken for June, and the Death's head is a sign of commitment, one vision, nothing else will be tolerated. It seemed the strongest symbol. It's been used throughout Europe for a long time, not necessarily monopolised by the SS. They are the most famous exploiters of it in the recent past. The British Army used it and the Yugoslav Chetniks. It's a very dramatic, easily recognised symbol. I think it's beautiful.

FIST A reference to nihilism ?

DOUG I think I have an empathy to Fascism, although politically I am a libertarian. It was imagery Death In June were akin to. Therefore it was embraced.

FIST What do you mean by emotional empathy to fascism ?

DOUG Well, I understand it. It is probably the most natural politics of humanity

FIST Do you think so ?

DOUG Well people fight against it.

FIST Have you read the book by Willhelm Reich ?

DOUG No it's a load of old rubbish.

FIST You wouldn't agree that the family is the nucleus....(of Fascism).

DOUG No absolutely not. It's just a breeding place. It's not the nucleus of anything. I like the idea of the Kibbutz system. It depends on the people. The only thing the family is the nucleus of is unhappiness as far as I am concerned. It's just another part of society. The individual is the nucleus of everything, such as the soul, the spirit and god. I am pleased the Americans burnt his books. He was a homophobic nutcase. The only psychologist I have any time for is Jung.

FIST Reich said that it is in the family that

people learn to accept authority unquestioningly and based on irrational authority.

DOUG Do you think that is good or bad ?

FIST in the way that most individuals are stifled within the structure, I think it's bad.

DOUG What was he suggesting otherwise ? Just to go out and fuck as many women as possible.

FIST That could be a practical consequence of his philosophy

DOUG I don't think Reich had any big insights to offer, apart from a name. I wonder what he called his third child ?

FIST He's coming back into fashion with the New Age ideas.

DOUG New Age is not very new age at all. I've heard some of the things and they're totally ridiculous and reactionary. Peasant mentality, I don't want to go around wearing a dress with crosses on the front. I probably did that in a previous life (LAUGHS). Thomas Hardy wrote novels about me (LAUGHS)

FIST What about the song you did about Klaus Barbie ?

DOUG He was a symbol. We were doing a few dates in France and we went to play in Lyon, where he was imprisoned. The French Resistance make themselves out to be Angels. They were like the Gestapo to their own kind. They executed a quarter of a million people after the war, which is more people than he was claimed to have killed. When we played in Paris and Lyon there were these odd rumours that we had tried to contact Klaus Barbie in prison, and he inspired the song. I was going to use him as a symbol anyway. Everyone has the potential to be a Klaus Barbie, he was fairly clinical about things. He wasn't as bad as some torturers could be, when you start hearing stories about El Salvador, Croatia,Bosnia or Northern Ireland. That is happening all around us, now. He's just a symbol of all that and also because of the weird rumours that were going around Lyon, which were not true. There were a few other things on the news at the time. Humanity is a wonderful subject isn't it, worth cultivating ?

FIST Do you think you were successful in the way you used Fascist Imagery ?

DOUG Yes, Death In June has always done it with impeccable good taste, and with a proper understanding of the aesthetics and the symbolism behind such things. Obviously people have fallen into the trap of taking it on a surface value. That is their problem. I've never been interested in appeasing people who want to accept that black is black and white is white. There is a spectrum in between.

FIST What do you find interesting about the sexual aspect of uniforms. They seem to be a feature on some of your albums.

DOUG I find uniforms sexually attractive. There is an inherent power in then anyway. That runs throughout people's strands of sexuality. People are attracted to them.

FIST But aren't people indoctrinated into that Power aspect of them, equating it with sexy ?

DOUG I think one's attractions within sex are always in flux. I know that my tastes within my sexual bracket alter, and have changed. Things that I never believed I would find attractive. I'm not sure about that, I don't know. I think one can be inherently attracted to things and not necessarily indoctrinated. I think there is something deeper where it strikes a key. It's why some people like rubber or leather. Rubber does nothing for me. I find the smell revolting, even the smell of a condom I have to wash off my hands. I can understand it about leather. People get excited by all kinds of stuff. One of the big eye openers to me was, basically I'm gay, picking up one of these big butch Irish lorry drivers, built like a brick shithouse. A combination between an SS man and an IRA Provo. He took his clothes off and was wearing women's underwear. The image was blown completely. He couldn't have sex without wearing them. People's sexuality to me is a never ending source of enlightenment. (LAUGHS). I don't know how it gets to that position.

FIST Well uniforms are equated with power, as is sex.

DOUG Yes, I agree with you there. It took me a long time to come to terms with that, because I never really thought like that. It is a question of subjugation and domination, always. Those words can be taken out of context.

FIST The extreme version being rape.

DOUG That is total domination.

FIST Whereas S&M has an element of trust

DOUG That's the only time I've been involved in anything like that is where there has been complete trust and understanding.

FIST I'm sure there has to be otherwise you'll never be sure you're going to get out of it alive.

DOUG (LAUGHS)

FIST The melodies you use seem almost childlike in their structure. Is this something that you worked upon ?

DOUG It just happens. You work to a degree on some things and not on others, whatever is appropriate for a particular song.

FIST Have you delved into your own past

DOUG Not particularly, it's just something that takes it's natural course. Not intentionally have I ever thought of childhood at all. It's just things I like.

DOUG What were you thinking of, something like "Rocking Horse Night" ?

FIST Most of the songs seem to have simple rhythms.

DOUG Maybe those are the most effective things. It leads back to "less is more." To keep to the purity of whatever you're trying to do, or articulate. That's one of the reasons why we've resorted more to the Acoustic Guitar, just to keep to that spirit. If it does sound childlike, it sounds an immediate note. It could sound crap because it is so simple (LAUGHS).

FIST Why do you use the Acoustic guitar instead of the Electric ?

DOUG I think it was always there. On the "Guilty Have No Pride", it's just me on the Acoustic Guitar playing that riff and Tony playing bass with a load of echo on. I've always liked that sound, because it is emotive in itself. I think one of the best soundtracks artists ever is Ennio Morricone. Something dramatic could be one string being plucked, then suddenly, a couple of bells. When I began to work on my own, it began to lean towards that. The first album I did like that was "The World That Summer", which was more layered and produced. If you start adding too many things, it becomes more cluttered and swamps the original thought. One of the best songs I think I have ever written, is "Fall Apart". That's my vocal and guitar. I went away to think what I could do to it, but there wasn't much more. I listened to it on the roof out here at 2.03 p.m. and a London Station played "To Drown A Rose". I sat there thinking, I recognise this tune, and then I realised it was me. I think it was the last time I was ever played on the Radio. It must be a sign.

FIST With the last album there seems to be a more positive feeling about the work. Don't you think so ?

DOUG You could have said anything and I have to respond to it. I don't write it from any one particular point of view. I see it as a culmination of three years work, and my best to date. I was very happy with it. The months November 91 until 93 have been the busiest year the band has known. It's also been the best.

FIST In what way ?

DOUG In terms of doing things again. I rejuvenated the group after a quiet period, and hard times in retrospect. This is outside of the things I had been doing with Boyd Rice with "Music, Martinis, and Misanthropy". I wasn't sure if I could do something new again. It happened, and I thought I did very well. I hadn't played the CD for months until they played it in a Radio Station, in Prague. It gave me that feeling of detachment, as if I hadn't done it. It seemed fresh and I liked it. I don't know how to respond to "fatalism". I'm probably more fatalistic now than ever before. Where's the jolly optimism then ? (Laughs)

FIST In the lyrics ?

DOUG There's nothing wrong with jolly optimism. I didn't think I could write anything like "TRUE WEST" or whatever they are called.

FIST No it's hardly that. Some of the lyrics "Because of him the World has got a friend"

DOUG They were just straight lifts from Jim Jones and the Tabernacle Choir. I distorted the lyrics somewhat. Look what happened to them. That's optimism for you.

FIST A reference again to the idea of having a double meaning within your work.

DOUG I always have done. I was going to write a three track EP single that I was to put in one of their reissued LP's. I'd thought about it. Then I decided it was a weird thing to do, to get further involved. Those ideas eventually sprang into the new album, "Little Black Angel", "He's Disabled ", "Mourners Bench".

FIST "Little Black Angel", also seems to have a positivity about it.

DOUG I don't know. Life just is, or not, at

the end of it.

FIST Your live performances seem more prolific. Why is that ?

DOUG This year I've done the most for years. I said no for so long, it just made a change to say yes. D.I.J. have never done massive tours. I just had the feeling it would be OK.

FIST So that's it for the foreseeable future ?

DOUG There are so many other things to do. The thought crossed my mind about going to America. Most of Europe has been covered, apart from Belgium and Holland, which is unfortunate. I don't want it to become ordinary. 93 is going to be a strange year and I think we all have to watch ourselves. I don't want to leave myself open to attack. If people didn't see us, they had their chance. I was pleased we did them. For me it was an interesting experience. Most of the time it came over quite well.

FIST Even in this country ?

DOUG This country has an endemic disease of problems. I'd rather not talk about this country. I've always felt a stranger here. That is the way I prefer it.

FIST What about the best response ?

DOUG Wherever we've been, it's always been surprising.

FIST Are you getting a younger generation of people to see you ?

DOUG It's mixed. The unfortunate thing about live concerts is that I don't like meeting many people. There are people I feel at ease with straight away, and there are others who have been in contact with me via the mail order service, so if they say their name, we already know each other in some respect. There are others who think they know you through your work and even on this very limited scale of being known, it can get very creepy and I detest it. I hate being touched by people who think you're something special and want an answer from you about a problem. That's another reason I want to get out of that.

FIST The problem of being in the public eye.

DOUG I've never really been in the public eye. I liked the idea that people didn't recognise me at Prague airport because I didn't have a beard. I said to them that it comes and goes. It was only for one photo session but it had stamped itself indelibly on their mind. They know who you are on stage. As much as there are nice people to meet, there also bunches of creeps. I don't like being accessible to people.

FIST Is the idea that people write to you important ?

DOUG In a way, I prefer it if they buy something

FIST A monetary relationship ?

DOUG Yes not a mother and father one. I don't like it if people want to get close and explain things in letters. I'm not here to act as a psychiartrist. I don't write to them and ask for help.

FIST Is the music a catharsis for you ?

DOUG Possibly, I don't know. The lyrics mean different things in shapes and forms when I was writing them. I know when certain words were written,n and where they fit into songs. I take a long time getting to the lyrics.

FIST So they are constantly reworked ?

DOUG No, not reworked.I'd been writing a stack of new ideas. With the last album I'd been writing for three years wherever I'd been. I'd done a lot of travelling during that period. Nothing was making sense until the beginning of last year. One group of words started acting as a magnet for others. Then it began to become a coherent idea. "Golden Wedding of Sorrow" came out of looking out of a hotel window in Paris and remembering something I'd written in Adelaide. I've got a whole stack of things now that I've written that are just lines. There's no time to write anything new at the moment, it's just not there.

FIST You work from a few key ideas ?

DOUG Sometimes I get a few words inside my head and I write them down. To me the way I work is like a long handed form of cut up. If I'm hearing things in my head it's like a radio station. You go through the wave lengths and not hear anything complete. There are some days when the aerial is doing something and I'm picking up bits and pieces. It"s like a broken telex machine, where I' pick up parts of the message, then it's good. There again that could be because I was drinking too much or something, so the brain's broken (LAUGHS).

FIST So it's the subconscious working ?

DOUG Yes, probably, the soul, some kind of exorcism. I don't like analysing it too closely, because it is tantamount to defilement. It's like having a child and cutting it to bits to see how it works. Then I probably would, as a well known Nazi Satanist Occult Child Molester. In fact I've done it several times. (LAUGHS)

FIST Your last gig was meant to be filmed by Central TV wasn't it?

DOUG We were joking about the "NON Event" at the beginning, how little did we know. Thank god for the Greek Restaurant and The Torture Garden. How perverse life can be.

FIST What happened ?

DOUG The gig was arranged for some time. Boyd was coming over and we were going to tie that in with a number of other things. I didn't know that he had been approached in America by Central TV to do a documentary based on the other side of the story, as regards Satanists. I'm not too interested in Satanism. (This occured due to Boyd's connections with the "Church of Satan"). He hadn't told us this when he arrived. Suddenly Central TV were phoning up World Serpent and our rehearsal studio, wanting to come down. They were very intrusive, I didn't like being involved with them at all. However Boyd said this was his chance to get his message over to a hundred million people, so we tagged along with it. Behind our back, Central TV had been approaching The Grand, saying all sorts of strange things, trying to make it spicy for them to film. As per usual there are always people phoning up before we play, as with The Powerhaus and The Venue, trying to make them cancel. The Grand was getting worried about the Nazi Satanist Occult Individuals doing a show about eating babies and killing Jews on stage. Having spoken to them we allayed those fears. Unfortunately the deciding factor was that their licence renewal was coming up three days after the Event. Then there was a bomb scare, which they didn't believe in. This phone crank had become so hysterical ! Due to the seriousness, they didn't tell the police because they didn't feel it was in their interests. At the end of the day it was business dictating, not some crank scaring us. We decided that because Central TV had something to do with the muck up of the event, they should provide some refreshments for the people who hadn't been notified that the Event was cancelled. Fortunately we were able to organise another Venue and so Non played a shortened set at an S&M Club. As there was no sound check Death In June were not able to play. I think we came out of it in victory. It probably will become a mythical event.

FIST Why do you think you are dogged by this controversy ?

DOUG There are a lot of stupid people. Morrisey is being dragged through the papers now. One minute he is the top of the pile, now he's being bothered by the speckly individuals. I think people are begging for it. Death In June is a good group and any group of substance is dogged by controversy. They can't really buttonhole us and say we are this or that, which annoys a lot of people. The fact that we have existed for twelve years free of music business rubbish. I think it angers the simple people.

FIST Is it deliberate ?

DOUG No, you can't dictate how your nature is. It's me as an individual.

FIST So you chose not to be a star ?

DOUG I am a star, a black star (LAUGHS), in some ways.

FIST The ethos of the group seems anonymous.

DOUG Most "stars" are such jerk offs. Why should I want to be in the same stable as them. I'm not a commodity. I don't have any interest in those people. What a waste of time. There's not much musically now that's going on. Nothing has changed in the past twenty years. Except for the lycra cycling shorts I may as well be watching Top Of the Pops from 1972/3. I hated it then, I hate it now. Nothing has really changed. That big hardcore group Faith no More doing "Easy", what scum fuckers. I much prefer to go shopping.

FIST How does your sexuality tie in with the music ?

DOUG I think it has to reflect it. I think our music is very masculine sounding. It's not a deliberate ploy. I assume it's conveyed in the way I articulate. I don't write something and think; "Oh that's a homosexual chord ". (LAUGHS),... Once people know the scenario then they can interpret it. It's like knowing Genet. It made me appreciate his work more. It makes it more interesting for me.

FIST It's not exactly stereotyped Gay

Culture though.

DOUG Gay culture is as diverse as any other sub culture. Clones wiggling their hips to high energy is just the public face.

FIST It wasn't obvious to me.

DOUG If you're not looking for it then you're not aware. It's probably Nazi songs of Homosexual Despair and the Devil (Laughs).

FIST There does seem to be this undercurrent of Gay Artists within the genre you operate, ranging from Coil to Marc Almond. Is that reflected in your audience ?

DOUG I don't know that much about them. Usual bunch of Homosexual Nazi Occultists. Wherever you go, from Japan to Zagreb, they're always there. A disease that has spread, a virus that is growing.

FIST By your nature you'll never be able to re produce.

DOUG We're like amoebas, we reproduce ourselves. The same posters in different countries, same collection of Sutcliffe/ Jugend tapes. WE ARE EVERYWHERE !

FIST What role does mysticism play ?

DOUG An everyday role when you beckon it forth. It comes in on those levels, but you know when it is happening.

FIST How do you define it, something from within or without ?

DOUG Both, the most easily definable is when it is without, when other people see the same thing. Mystical things can happen any time or any place such as sitting on a bench in a park. Towards the end of the German tour I was hearing voices everywhere. I was getting distinctly strange and people were passing comment. I actually nearly killed them all towards the end. It's not a mystical experience as such. A few odd things had been happening. I'd been hearing people talking to me and touching me but no one was there. I was getting touchy ! I fell asleep in the van, twenty miles from Hamburg. However in my dream I was still awake in the van. All of a sudden the lights had gone out and the driver had dozed off... This happened in seconds, so that real life and the dream had become blurred. We were going to crash, so I jumped up and grabbed hold of the wheel and the driver in the dream. The trouble was that I was doing it in real life as well, with my eyes shut, screaming. The whole van was going everywhere. I had hold of the driver and the steering wheel. Everyone was in sheer terror. Fortunately they fought me off. To me that was a near death experience. They said afterwards that they had never seen me move so fast. (LAUGHS)... And they thought I wasn't weird.

The last mystical experience I had was being cruised by a Catholic Priest at Heathrow Airport. I was totally amazed by his face and his lack of inhibitions. He was in his dog collar, with a family waiting outside. I'd gone there to meet a friend and he just bowled me over. Out of that "Hollows of Devotion" was written. I couldn't get him out of my mind. I bought these Catholic papers to see if I could communicate with him, he made such an impression. Ken Thomas, our engineer couldn't get over it when I told him. That was a mystical experience, literally, or was it just a sordid one and I made it into mystical ? He ended up being on the same plane as my friend going to Rome. The best things come out when you are emotionally traumatised. It can either be good or bad. If you go through it enough times you know how to call upon it. I never sit down and think now is the time to write a song.

MAGNU

FIST What inspired you to form ?
CSC Boredom, being bored with the music presented as alternative. There were all these bands sounding like the Stooges and MC5, both bands that I like and respect, but they did it better. We heard all these outfits when we started in 88 rehashing all that shit, selling a retread as a new tire. It isn't new, I've heard it all before. We at least try to make music that sounds different. Like saying, let's fuck the guitar and concentrate on the bass and drums. Therefore instead of sticking a Wah Wah pedal over the top of it, we thought we'd use samples. By default we came up with something. We're not trying to make some intellectual art rock, but through ignorance, we're trying to come up with something that's not been done before.
FIST That's why there are no guitar solos.
CSC Yes, sure, it's hard to do guitar solos when you don't have a guitar. We have used them on occasion, probably one song every album. We don't feel obliged to use it.

FIST How integral are the samples ?
CSC Crucial, to me a sampler is a versatile instrument. It's not exactly spontaneous. In terms of the variety of sounds, there is nothing like it. We can play a freight train through a Marshall Stack.
FIST Are you choosy about what you use ?
CSC In terms of just going off and sampling someone elses song and playing over the top of it ? We try to get sounds from different sources and make them play together.
FIST Are the lyrics aimed at particular people or are they aimed generally ?
CSC Usually they are inspired by particular people or situations and then I try to, if the words are too direct, turn them on their head, so that they are more general and suggest different ideas rather than communicate something specific. Almost all the songs use irony. We try to present an idea and then its opposite at the same time, so it's not just a blanket statement. None of the songs are meant to be taken at face value. It's done in order to make you think a little bit.
FIST Are the lyrics aimed at America ?
CSC They are inspired by America, which ones are you talking about particularly ?
FIST There seems to be an attack on Capitalism.

Not Capitalism as such, but more the blind acceptance of anything. It's not so much an attack on the US government, as people who have sat by and allowed it do what it has done, in terms of world politics. It's like a year ago the American Middle Class woke up and said "Hey, we're not middle class anymore, we're poor". Suddenly they started bitching and moaning. The only thing that made them take their heads out of the sand was that they were personally affected, financially. All the other shit they were fed, they greedily accepted.

M DAYS

COP SHOOT COP

Therefore you had the US government standing up and saying that Noriega was a criminal ,and that he should be prosecuted. It's all fine with them, ignoring that Noriega was previously on the CIA pay roll. It's that type of willing complicity by the people about what the government is doing. That's what makes me sick. There can't be a Hitler without a bunch of sheep to follow him.

FIST What happened to Noriega by the way ?

CSC He was prosecuted and gaoled.

FIST I never heard much about the trial.

CSC They dragged it out long enough so that people lost interest. It's a big trick in America to keep delaying the Trial. Bush actually pardoned all the people involved in his scandals. He did this on Xmas Eve so that the press would not care to report it. They all know what they are doing, but there has to be complicity by the public. Ignorance and Stupidity irritate me more than the US government itself.

FIST I suppose that is what you portray lyrically, where these events happen on a small scale.

CSC Yes that's right. Have you ever read any Milan Kundera ? Almost all his books deal with living in Czechoslovakia, during Communism. He always focuses on the little guy, the individual, but the backdrop is always politics, and how that person is affected by even a small decision that somebody makes. They may end up leaving the country because of some banal decision they made, but he relates this to the bigger picture. Everything that you do as individual is important, not just on a smaller scale. Individuals can change history. You just need the get up and go to do it. It is that sort of thing that I am interested in.

FIST There are elements of Celine and Bukowski in there too with the dwelling in the cesspit of humanity.

CSC Not so much Celine. He didn't dwell just on the negative side of things. He was cynical, but he also had a great sense of humour. He saw human stupidity in all it's glorious manifestations. I laughed so hard when I read his stuff, the same with Bukowski. They are cynical, Ok. But why go on living then ? There has to be a sense of humour somewhere. They see the worst side of humanity and they say this is what we have to deal with.

FIST The trouble being that Celine ended up as a Nazi.

CSC I don't think that he was a Nazi, but he was such a cynic that he couldn't see any difference. If your average guy in Germany is capable of being a Nazi then all human beings have the ablity to do this. Therefore all human beings are equally guilty.

FIST How do you relate to all this ?

CSC We are a product of what you are talking about, of America, as much as MacDonalds is. I don't know how much longer I want to go on making music, as much as I enjoy it. It's a pretty selfish thing to do with yourself. Unless people can get something from it, emotionally or intellectually, a lot of times it seems pretty useless. This is especially true when people are taking us primarily as entertainment. You know, "Ok let's go out and get pissed on a Saturday night, Cop Shoot Cop are playing". It all seems pretty worthless to me, like there are a lot more useful things to be doing with my time. In a way being in a rock band is a pretty stupid thing to be doing with yourself. So being aware of that, it finds it's way into the songs. I try not to take it too seriously. We do talk about what is important to us. Sometimes I feel what we are doing is pretty inconsequential.

FIST At least you get your ideas across to a mass of people.

CSC With a song, if people have ideas they were thinking about, but never saw them put together, and a particular song helped them clarify their thinking, then, I sound like a fucking psychiartrist...If someone can relate to what we are saying then we are not uselessly banging on a drum. We do want to communicate with people and hopefully have them relate to what we are talking about.

FIST Do you have instances where the irony is missed out ?

CSC Yes, especially where the lyrics are translated to other languages. Sarcasm and irony don't translate that well. In Germany they must think of us as a heavy handed, serious, political band. That's kind of funny in itself.

FIST What about in the States because the stereotype in England is that the Americans have no sense of irony ?

CSC Well you guys get your ideas from Fast Food Restaurants and TV Shows so there is no surprise there. When I turn on the TV in the USA I get frightened by the amount of shit people are willing to imbibe. When I come over here it is just as popular. Didn't you have Charlies Angels here too ?

FIST That's right and Starsky and Hutch. They all went down really big.

CSC I think people get the humour in America. I feel we are an American Band. We are definetly a product of America but we are not as reliable as MacDonalds. With that you know it's going to be shit, but at least it is consistent. We are a bad product.

FIST Do you ever envisage a "Consumer Revolt ?"

CSC It could happen. People would have to effect their own power for change. I often feel completely powerless. I don't understand why more Aids Victims don't strap themselves to dynamite and walk into the Whitehouse. If you know you're gonna die why not do something about it.

FIST People do seem to be quite passive.

CSC It's easier to do what you are told.

FIST There again you did have your L.A. Riots.

CSC That was great. What a lot of people were getting out of it was "Oh I always wanted s TV, here's my chance." That was spontaneous where people would not take that anymore. Whether it has affected any change that wasn't organised by a protest group, it just arose by people pissed off by the lies.

FIST Mind you, the first thing they do is go out and steal a TV and Stereo so that they can be better consumers.

CSC Irony abounds

FIST Do you see everyone as exploiters and exploited ?

CSC Basically yes but I don't see as Capitalism meaning that you have to exploit people. Ultimately, "Cop Shoot Cop", is a business. We support ourselves through it. We are not making a s much money as the record label, but we support ourselves. I don't have to work anymore. I don't have to do business with anyone I don't have to. Occasionally we do shows with shit promoters, or we find out the ticket price is too much. We make mistakes but we try to survive. I don't think you need to exploit people to get ahead.

FIST How do the ideas come about ?

CSC The song "Seattle", was something Jim sampled and he kept playing about with it. Gradually the word "Seattle" came out of it. It was like putting it under the microscope and seeing what comes emerges. Other songs are written through making a lot of noise in the studio, taping it, and then seeing what works and what doesn't, throwing out different elements.

FIST It must be quite hard to structure them ?

CSC It's what we argue about a lot. Everything has to come before the committee.

FIST You have a band democracy ?

CSC Yes everything has to go before the collective. We also grow organic vegetables.

FIST In Brooklyn ?

CSC It's the garden spot of the USA. You have to break through the pavement first. It's very violent gardening.

FIST Many of the lyrics deal with Alienation. Is that how you see them ?

CSC I don't feel very attached to most of the people I see around me if that's what you mean and that's pretty much worldwide. So many people I never want to meet...

CSC (Natz) ...so many places I never want to go, so many things I never want to do. I can't count them all.

FIST That's what pushed you to form the band.

CSC (NATZ) You're in the wrong business forced to be around people 24 hours a day.

CSC (TODD) I like you Natz

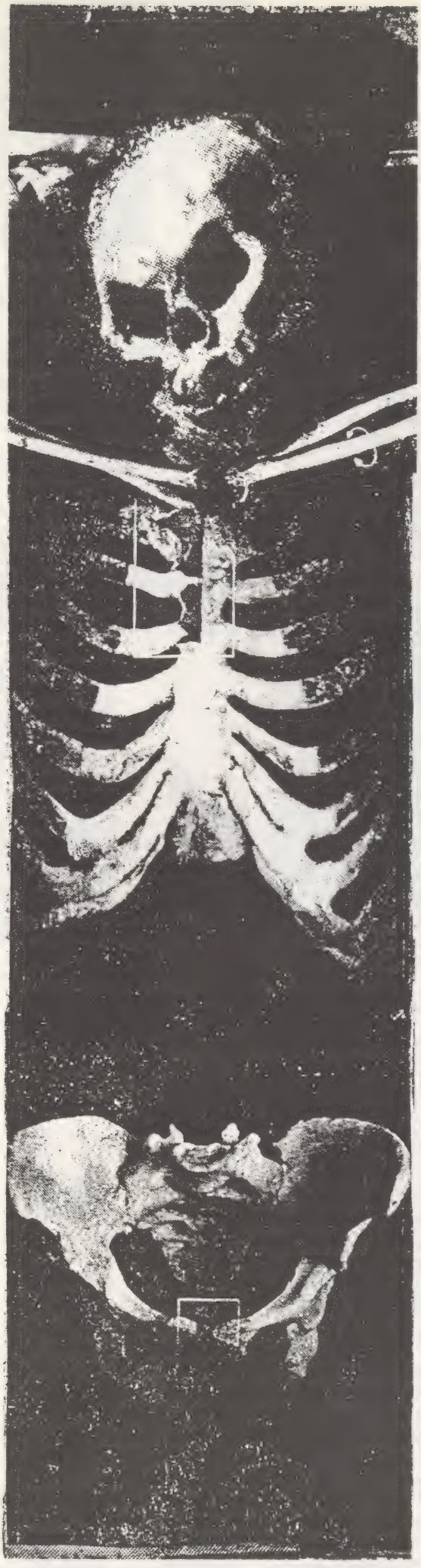
CSC (NATZ) I don't mean me, you know, crowds of jingly people in hotel rooms.

CSC I think everybody feels alienated. Do you feel as though you fit in the grand scheme of things. Everybody wants to be happy but nobody is.

FIST What makes you dislike "Retro".

CSC It's already happened. People doing 60's rehash music and presenting it as being current doesn't have anything relevant to know. I like a lot of music from the 60's, Captain Beefheart, the Stooges, but that has been done. What I respect about it was that it was commenting on that particular time. Going back and trying to recreate that, has no relevance to now.

BOOK REVIEWS



LET A MILLION FLOWERS BLOOM

This section is far from exhaustive. Included are some of the books\mags that have been acquired since the last issue. Some of which have been out for some time. Others are relative newcomers. There has been a resurgence in the ideas of the new technology which has ranged from film with Terminator, Blade Runner, to Techno/Indust music, to print, with the Cyberpunk novels. Influenced by the emergence of the silicon chip, even though the forms they are shrouded are leftovers from previous eras. Virtual Reality, the video and the hologram are the new vehicles of the technology. Corresponding with this for has been a resurgence of interest in the forbidden, as personal politics has displaced mass movements, in the West. The latter foundering on an ideological puritanism of the lowest common denominator, excluding the failures that fit within the format. The collapse of the Soviet Union, which reflected its enemy, Fascism also led to a shift away from the old left. Opening up of the realms of possibility, as the old monoliths crumble allowing old cultural straitjackets to lift, albeit only a fraction. To combat this burgeoning freedom, the state reacts clumsily by pandering to the retired Colonel of Hove and the Bricklayer of Thurrock. The old class (gender and race) conflicts unite over their desire to repress outland groups, whilst they milk the economic system for grey bland stability. Playing upon their psychological whipping boy, the pansy, the puffter, they allay their fears, believing the moment belongs to them. You don't have to be gay to get it in the neck. Any deviation in thought/dress/manner/speech and the full sanction of the vigilante and the state will arise. The thought processes of those organisms inhabiting mental deserts unable to comprehend outside of their immediate experience, the enemy of humanity. With nothing left to do all that is left is dawn raids upon bookshops halting depravity and corruption. Legislation that puts a full stop next to homosexuality, gaoling consenting adults for sex games and harassing prostitutes. The thought police are the State shock troops, mindless to the bore.

Real depravity lies within the misuse and abuse of power. It lies naked on the fields of the Somme, the misery of Eastern Europe and every rotting council estate and the monotonous drizzle that hangs over Suburbia. If you want real depravation and corruption, smash down the doors of the Public School, the Army, the Prison, State Schools, Childrens/Old people's homes and the humiliations of the wage slave. It is from these experiences that we have the drug addict, the psycho, the lunatic and the pederast. Not from a genetic miscalculation and not from a string of dots on a page. To hang on to a belief in genetics is the same as the church clinging to Original Sin. It's never me, it's my genetic make up. I have no responsibility over my actions, God told me to do it. The real cause lies in human behaviour and it is something for which we are all responsible if we claim to

have control over our lives. This line of thought is the most painful, to realise you are a fully responsible human being and not the product of the State or your parents. Your actions are your own, you're thoughts likewise. The past has shaped you, the future is yours to mould. Anything that reflects the actions that take place in the above whether it's **Reich, Selby's "Last Exit To Brooklyn"**, **"Anarchy in the UK"** to **"The Furry Freak Brothers"** feels the force of the Iron Fist slipping out of the Velvet Glove.

The level of activity in the music side of small magazine publishing has increased. This reflects the cracks that are appearing as the monolithic music press gradually expires. Sounds and Record Mirror have both dwindled into nothing. The two lumbering IPC Dinosaurs battle it out, competing in their banality to discover the most twee or hoariest of cliches to divest students of their grant cheques. Instead specific magazines have become established as "rock" music has fractured into interest groups. At the same time the old tribalisms amongst the youth have all but disappeared.

From the reverberations of Punk, the fanzine was born, cheaply xeroxed, it commented upon a scene that was being studiously ignored. It gave the means of communication to the people involved in creating the culture. Eventually stifled by a lack of proper distribution and eager news corporations, who snapped up the writers to sustain their own ailing efforts; Melody Maker, Sounds, Record Mirror, and the New Musical Express. In they poured, the likes of Paul Morley, Danny Baker and Caroline Coon, setting the path for other aspiring fanzine writers. The nature of capitalism is that it has to adapt to change and buy off any serious revolt. The writer believes that a wider audience for their views is a sign of success. This lead to the curious spectacle of these fanzine writers, writing for the dinosaurs, confronting their idols when they signed to major record companies, accusing them of selling out.

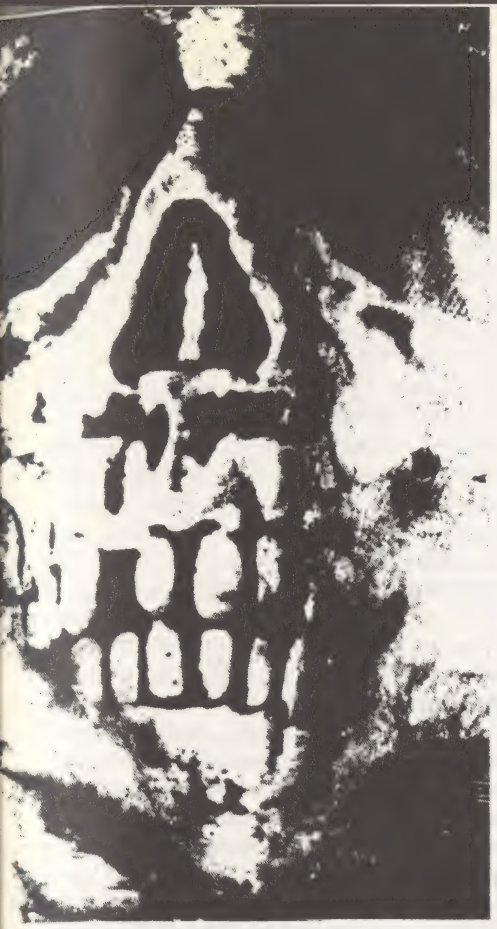
The original legacy still lives. Taking another tack completely are **RESEARCH** who have provided a huge impetus on subcurrents. Theirs is a mix of Industrial Culture, Sex, Eccentricities and the Political. The ideas represent a libertarian view of tolerance with a thorough, investigative technique. Then there was **Vague**, an attempt to take some of **Research's** ideas and mix them with the Punk Fanzine Movment. Providing a hybrid of the two, the writing verged from the immediate (and more visceral than Research) to pretentious woffle and self indulgence. However all the issues since Number 16 exploded with ideas thrown up by the attempted cultural revolution of 76. They are dissected and meticulously traced back to the original sources. These artifacts show the intellectual depth of what was occurring between 76 onwards, in a critique of all societal values, that lies years ahead of Sociological Treatises spewed from intellectual alienatees. This depth was always denied by its practitioners who were anti fossilisation and therefore always moving on. The cliches became embodied with the rise of the gluebag Mohawks who accepted the Sun and Daily Mirror Caricatures. Not long from fading memories they are the ones everybody remembers. How sad. No wonder Tom feels music has nothing to offer. In issue 24 **"THE WEST ELEVEN DAYS OF MY LIFE"** Tom has retreated from theory, finding glamour in his own back yard, concentrating on the life and times of London W11 where the bongo drummers never stop. Amongst the shuffling out of time beats Wendy James hacks out a shoddy carreer and pubs close dead on eleven. The mag both celebrates the past glories of Ladbroke Grove and parodies the "happening now" Def Jam sterility. The one gripe I have is the elevation of a bunch of sad junkies such as Happy Mondays to column inch space. They are only famous for is bankrupting arty labels. Factory should have stuck to existential angst and not council estate skagheads. Whether its snorting profits or knifing bouncers the label just could not cope when it threw its doors open to the lumpenproletariat.

Drawing on the originals are mags such as **"ELECTRONIC SHOCK TREATMENT"**. Brian Duguid 35 Fordington Ave. Winchester SO22 5AN. Well laid out, it shares many similarities with **"MUSIC FROM AN EMPTY QUARTER** (apart from size). P.O. Box 87, Ilford, Essex, IG1 3HJ. Both have interviews with Artists that are on the fringes of mass adulation looking at Steve Reich, Negativeland, F.L.A. and Contraste. It also has reviews and a bulletin board. It is more than just a sum of these parts. There is a depth to the writing which stimulates thought, which is exactly what it should do. It does not have the zest of the more Punk influenced mags taking a **"WIRE"** approach to articles and interviews. This has both positive and negative points. It means that sometimes it lacks the punch of the old. However the Editors ego, does not run amok across the subject matter. This allows the reader to make up their own mind. More Techno based is the American; **"TECHNOLOGY WORKS"**. An A5 mag coming from PO BOX 477, Placentia, Ca 92670-0477 USA takes a similar stance towards its genre. Number 11 has the Young Gods, Moby and Numb. The later one has Coil, Young Gods and Merzbow. Small in size, the interviews display a reasonable degreeof interest outside of the obvious.

"IMPULSE" from Mark Crumby, 41 Quarrendon Rd. Amersham, Bucks HP7 9EF price £3 is similar to T.W. but Impulse also has a Cassette attached to it. The interviews are with the likes of Chris and Cosey, In the Nursery and The Grey Area in Issue 1.

"GRIM HUMOUR" P.O. Box 63, Herne bay, Kent CT6 6YU UK merges **FORCED EXPOSURE** with sometimes literally with the Jon Savage article. The stance of the editorial, takes the misanthropic Forced Exposure line as opposed to the clinicism of Research. It doesn't have the self indulgence of **FORCED EXPOSURE**, thankfully no Rock Artists Tour diaries and no interviews with

LET A MILLION FLOWERS



BOOM

Cambridge tossers such as The Soft Boys and the bloated ego name checking of the F.E. Diamanda Galas interview. It has much in common with the early punk zines in layout without appearing sloppy. **"GRIM HUMOUR"** costs £1.75 and has a Jazz Column. It does what a mag should, bring to your attention something that was overlooked and things that are new.. Volume 2 no 1 has an intelligent Lydia Lunch review, Cindytalk, Treponem Pal plus articles on John Walters, reviews, cartoons whatever. number 2 looks at Pigface, Front Line Assembly, Nick Zedd, Ramleh plus reviews whatever. Both £3.25 with the record reviewed in the other section.

"CONVULSION", 153 DALKEITH RD, 1F2, EDINBURGH, EH16 5HQ. is similar in some respects to "GRIM HUMOUR" in its wide coverage. The best interviews are with those people with something to say: SWANS, COIL, S. ALBINI, YOUNG GODS, ICE T and CORROSION OF CONFORMITY. It does lack the attack of the old order, the artists are never challenged over what they are putting out. In that respect it has borrowed some of the worst aspects of the music press, a sycophantic wanting to be mates together.

Not to be confused with the above is **"COMPULSION"**, £1.35 inc p&p. this a more substantial mag with good interviews with Death In June, Coil and Sol Invictus as well as with the abysmal Lemonheads and Silverfish.

All these zines achieve in bringing new artists and ideas to the fore which is one of their functions. **"FORCED EXPOSURE"** introduced Jim Thompson and Robert Williams, b number 1 showed which Chrome reissues were worth buying. The "IMPULSE" directory allowed access to people all over the world. One of my main criticisms of some of the interviews is a lapse into product dissection. Do we really want to know how and when an artist signed to a record company or when the bass player left ? That kind of minutiae of detail is best left to the music archeologists of the future. The fanzine works when it is expressing ideas and not parodying the trivia of **"HELLO"**. What I personally want to read in an interview is not some jolly piss up, but an exploration of the ideas that are being put across. If the artists don't have anything to offer apart from a record deal and a few chord changes then that should be challenged not smothered. Everything is the reflection of the Zeitgeist, even vacuousness.

Moving away from music into the rim of the senses are **"MASTERBATOR"** Jason 110 Renfrew Rd., Ipswich, Suffolk 1P4 3HJ Issue 2 £1.90 and issue 2 £2.40 inc p&p. As "VAGUE" moved away from its over indulgence in glum rock stars into ideas it threw up a trail in its wake. Plundering from SITU ideas and mixing it with post punk ideology it is an entertaining read, although it has an English restraint compared to **"ANSWER ME"**. 6520 SELMA AVE. SUITE 1171, HOLLYWOOD. CA 90028 USA.Provocation is the name of the game. If you're a liberal then you're a target. It reminded me of a libertarian version of **"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"**. Within it are interviews with all sorts of free spirits such as "Satan", Anton La Vey, the Overseer of Race politics, David Duke and other misanthropes. It is a mag brimming with hatred that makes **"SPEARHEAD"**, no address, just walk round Bermondsey, appear as if it's Hairdressing Monthly. There also seems to be a fascination with mass murderers as the embodiment of all that is strong within society. As far as the ideas contained within it I could not find them more silly but as a current of thought operating in the late twentieth century they are fascinating. Within the strands of sub culture there is a need to exemplify the anti hero as some sort of sane response in an irrational society. Whether it's the Ripper, (both versions), Gacy, Gein, Bundy or Manson a voyeurism of broken socialisation patterns exists. "HEADPRESS" from PO BOX 160 Stockport Cheshire SK1 4ET G.B. £3.50 inc p&p is a milder version of the above where the editorial apologises for being anti police. It has some good articles such as Hookers For Jesus, a review of a religious revival meeting and an article/interview relating to plagiarism and censorship of the Savoy publishers.

"HOMOCULT", adopt a similar outlook except there view is from a libertarian queer view. It is an equally fascinating read as the above. Their target is the wet puritanical liberal and the bigoted with explicit graphics punctuated with "Black Panther" typeface. their aim is to destroy consensual homosexuality and instead attack the base institutions that keep thought patterns in check.

SWISH from J.D.'s POB 1110, Adelaide St. Stn. Toronto, Ontario, Canada is a punk xerox that concerns itself with Gay skinheads and Homo Erotica of the States, bound together with a desire to jolt. It ties in with the "No skin Off My Ass" ideology put forward by Bruce La Bruce. Write to him and ask for this gem and save it for all your Mohican pals and watch those confused smiles wilt as their hormones excite.

Alarma P.O. Box 404, Encinitas, CA 92304, U.S.A. produce a photocopied graphic mag based on industrial outfits. Write to them for further info.

Drawing directly from the SITU legacy are the politico mags. **"NO"** can be obtained via RICK P.O. BOX 175, L69 8DX, Liverpool, UK. 75p

At first it was bland, tackling such topics dear to my heart, as flag burning and the American constitution plus mind numbing articles on why religion is defunct. Breaking away from the straitjacket of political correctness it took on more thornier issues such as the bete noir of the white liberal : nationalism in the wake of the Malcolm X film. A new depth of analysis prevails. **"FATOUS TIMES"**, can be ordered via J Skeet P.O. Box 406, Stoke on Trent, ST1 4RN. is a glossier version of the above costing £2. Number 2 has stuff on Gay Nuns, GB as National Theme Park plus a far green agenda that would throw the **"ANSWER ME"** editorial into apoplexy. As with **"HOAX"**, 66 Beechgrove, Brecon, Powys Wales LD3 9ET there is a

emphasis on resistance on an individual level to the all encompassing hug of capitalism. It begs the question as to what is a more rational attempt to come to terms with the modern world for the average alienated person. There seems to be a range of options to chopping up women young children or the elderly, the serial killer response. Walking down to your local shopping centre and blasting away the passer by, the method favoured by your mass killer. Joyriding high performance cars according to the **"LEISURE"** article is an option taken up by working class youth. **"HOAX"** takes the line of creating as much disinformation in the workplace such as dropping magnetised objects into computers. It's all a question of take your pick. **"SABOTAGE IN THE AMERICAN WORKPLACE"**, £9.95 AK Press, edited by Martin Sprouse, carries the theme further by looking at how people have resisted the mind numbing experience of having to earn a living. It takes a Studs Terkel interviewing technique letting the people speak for themselves. What the book achieves is by condensing what everybody does at work, showing that you are not alone. The Right would say that the cost of Sabotage is just passed on to the consumer with dearer prices reflecting the theft. As an individual act it makes sense when the immediate attempt is made to get back at someone who has power over you and who believes that you are subservient and nothing more than wage labour. One of the many things about Capitalism is that it never seems to take into account work satisfaction in relation to doing a job. Of course people are going to resist if they are coerced into doing something they don't want to do. That is one of the reasons that slavery was abolished, it was too uneconomical requiring more and more land to cultivate the same amount of crops.

"DARK DIAMONDS" from Andy C 1 Sr. John's View, Boston Spa, Wetherby, West Yorks. LS23 6NQ that contains some very good articles appallingly presented, so as not to do them justice. However do not let that put you off. The ideas contained more than make up for it. **"TREASURES FROM THE TOMBS OF LIFE"**, has well initiated articles on the origins of Judeo Christian faith and ECT Treatment that are worth a thousand grunge band interviews.Send 75p for this to the above. Also from the above is the pamphlet **"POSTCARDS FROM THE HAUNTED BAZAAR"**, one of the most concise and invigorating works on third world rape that you will ever be able to buy for £1. Ever wondered why the world is in a mess ? It's not because there isn't anything good on tele or that some turgid tosspot has failed his A levels and is inflicting you with his self pitying misery. It's because big multi nats are preying on the life blood of the planet for short term gain so that they can swim around on the pretext of creating employment whilst destroting the very fluid that we all share. This pamphlet documents that gross neglect of humanity from the buying off of Third World elites so that they can hoard all the designer shoes all their sweaty digits can squeeze into, to starving farmers producing crops for Europe that they themselves cannot eat or afford. If you want to enlarge your capacity about why your next door neighbour is eating curry, listening to reggae or going to a mosque in GB and not in his/her country of origin then read this and you will realise why people have to migrate thousands of miles to escape the mini Holocausts that are their own "countries" for the relative affluence of GB.

One of the best books I have come across as regarding the Situationist Legacy is Sade Plant's **"MOST RADICAL GESTURE"** pub by Routledge price £10.99. If you found Debord and Vanegeim books heavy going then look no further than this as it puts it all into perspective, the history of the movement and the reflection of its ideas. It is a thorough going analysis of late 20thC Capitalism and deserves to be read outside of academia by those people who exist in the real world, whichever one you have chosen. Drawing elements from all the pounding keys of the netherworld is **UNDERGROUND** published by a collection of viruses burrowing into the collective psyche of a new day to dawn. I read recently of a survey which analysed job satisfaction at work and predictably enough it said over 80% were unfulfilled by undertaking meaningless tasks and that most people wanted to be artists, writers, poets or musicians. Well here is your chance but please no water colours

On the Visual side let your eyes have a treat by getting the two books put out by Robin Williams through LAST GASP,2180 Bryant St. San Francisco, California 94110 USA Price $20 plus $5 p&p, Expensive but well worth it. The pictures brim with a cartoon sensory overload. The aim being to stimulate the imagination and help you devise some useful ideas for tattoos.

The Giger book **"HR GIGER ARh"**, pub by Taschen, is of a similar ilk, drawing on a surreal macabre that still manages to offend taste and decency in the way that such abstract ideas are interpreted. What both artists have to offer is a tap into the subconscious of their own worlds reflecting the ravages of the twentieth century. What surfaces is not aesthetically pretty in a chocolate box "Love is...." type of world. It is one of pain and an obsession with decay and torture done in a surreal way. You only have to pick up a magazine to see bland images of families clustered around their possessions crowing about happiness through consumption to be metaphorically sick, when compared to the lives that exist around you. However the images produced are more than self indulgences. They reflect and have a resonance that encapsulates the spirit of the times. The only criticism is that there is a preoccupation with the female body as an object but coming from a male perspective this is hardly surprising. Very few female artists are involved in this exploration. The only one who comes to mind is Chris Berry featured in the last issue of Fist. Building on the Surrealist experiments of the early twentieth century it shows that experimenting with the mind is not dead and totally intertwined with the consumption of hallucinogenics.

Attempting to document the new technology is Mondo. the **"USERS GUIDE"** is a an expensive coffee table A-Z book of all that is new. What is lacking is any kind of critique. There is an underlying assumption that new is good. A Futurist malaise afflicts the writing. Absent is any type of political critique. That is too modernist. All that is left is the consumption of newer and exciting forms of technology. You can wear everything from designer clothing, consuming smart chemicals whilst listening to plagiarists such as Negativeland and hacking into computer files to create chaos. It is reminiscent of the Sun's A-Z exposes on how to be a punk in the late seventies or the latest revelations on how to be a grunger. The sad part being that there does not seem to be any opposition to this mass consumption of roles. You may say that this is not a bad thing, it's harmless.

To me it's smacks of a type of religious revivalism, the unshaking faith in an unthinking future, where you can buy your personality like the working classes use to buy their suits, off the peg from Burtons. It is nothing more than an ad catalogue dressed up in radical chic. A far more coherent view of the future is put forward by Clock DVA whose **"WHITE NOTES ON BLACK PAPER"** published by Contempo records collects together the Adi newtons lyrics with various writings from the bands inception along with a CD. It is well designed with some excellent photos and for anyone with a passing interest in the band well worth purchasing. Railing against one aspect of technology are the Temple ov Psychic Youth with their pamphlet **"TELEVISION MAGIC"**. The analysis of the role of television in everyday life is interesting and equating it with magic with its subliminal effects puts it into perspective. The terror of television is that it makes people passive accepting somebody elses dream even if they choose another interpretation. Humanity is becoming one unity through alienated consumption. although there is not masses of detail on the topic in the pamphlet it does put forward ideas as to why the wasting of so much time watching Pebble Mill at One might be harmful psychologically. The problem for me with the pamphlet was with the practical efforts put forward to break out of conditioning such as watching static, leaving it on forever or watching three at once or continually flicking through the channels. I personally wouldn't want to waste my time or electric bill doing any of those things. If people can't see through the dross, then it serves them right. It's not their fault they can't think of anything to do with their lives, it may be that they are empty people. If they weren't watching television they'd be doing something more destructive. When Virtual Reality comes those same people will be mortgaging themselves up to their necks to escape their mundane existence making it better for those of us who want to chose another path. Another item that deals with the Occult Sciences is **"NUIT ISIS"**, PO BOX 250, Oxford OX1 1AP £5 Subscription for one year. As scientific ra-

tionalism hurtles towards a cul de sac built upon the thousands of dead plant and animal species various strands of thought are trying to put the brakes on before we all hurtle into the ash heap of non history. a resurgence innideas of pre rationlist thought are bubbling everywhere. In some cases these people are easy prey for the Jim Jones, Baghwan, Ron Hubbard, David Koresh, charles Manson and Rev. Moon charismatic figures. They offer clear guidelines and a programme to break out of the sterility into their private nightmares. Once you are in there is no way of getting pout mentally intact. However there are other ways and this is what Nuit Isis has to offer based on an individual development on the works of Austin Spare, Tesla and Jung. Of course a healthy scepticism is necessary in dealing with anything that claims to deal with a metaphysical quality. however the human organism is ever going to unlock the powers that lay dormant within then some chances have to be taken. Anton La Vey is no stranger to that.In his authorised biography by Blanche Barton entit;ee **"THE SECRET LIFE OF A SATANIST"** £4.99 published by Mondo chronicles the fascinating life of La Vey. On a sensationalist level it deals with tye man who befriended both Marilyn Monroe and Jane Mansfield and is a fan of Sid Vicous's "My Way" and hates Heavy Metal as it deadens the senses. The problem is with his misanthropy although understandable in the light of the non acceptance of his theories does create a situation similar to the Calvinism he so abhors. The people who understand he message and are chromosonally different are the elect and the others are the sheep. this gave the impetus for the Calvinists for example in Scotland with John Knox to do a mini genocide on the female population. Stating that they were witches. Their whole theory was based on the Elect and the Damned, those who are fore and against, with a strict moral code to ensure it. then there was the purgative aspect of seeing what happened to those who were beyond the pale as they went up in flames. There is no way out of the morass, certainly not culling. Other aspects of the ideas in the book are thought provoking such as the Satanic commandments which are more realistic than the Christian ones. Coming from another angle is Zev's book published by Temple Press price £10.95. The layout reminds me of the "**I CHING**". However there is no chance aspect to it. Instead the reader can utilise percussion in an alchemical process to work out rhythms that unlock aspects of the personality. In that aspect it is akin to the work of Jung but instead of having an interpretator of visions you can do it yourself. It provides access to creating sounds away from the normal 4/4 beat utilising "found objects". An explanation of some of the ideas behind this work can be found in **"AORTA"**. Write to Petak, Postfach 778 A-1011, Wien, Austria and costs aproximately £2.00. the pamphlet has an intelligent interview with Z'Ev about his ideas surrounding the Book. the interview is in both English and German. Another publication by Mondo is A. Shwartz's account of the Jeffry Dahmer trial entitled; **"THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KILL ENOUGH"**, price £4.99. A tale of a racist homophobic inept police department, that does little for the underclass depicted by Selby in **"Last Exit to Brooklyn"**, only when the carnage has reached unacceptable levels. Only then it was by chance that they caught him. There is a thin line between voyeurism and cash in with these books of other people's misery and an attempt at understanding why such behaviour occurs. Most of these sagas about mass deaths are nothing more than titillation for a population that has and death far removed from it. For example, I may be wrong but i don;t think this type of book is on the best seller list in Sarajevo. Whereas most UK bookshops have shelves devoted to mass murderers as well as fanzines in the form of **"TRUE DETECTIVE"**, plus Michael Winner staging renenactments for TV audiences. What was mising in the account is any motivation for the murders, the only book I have seen come close to this type of analysis is Colin Wilson's **"THE KILLER"**, which is a fictionalised account looking at socio-economic as well as the interplay with the psyche. From my own work as a shrink dealing with people under stress, dealing with the aberrant behaviour of people on the edge, I find it is alway rooted in the abuse of power, by adults in relation to children in their early years. In most of the biographical accounts of killers this is always missing. The reason I feel this is not anlaysed is because society cannot deal with the psychological damage inflicted on individuals under the present socio economic system instead prefering to refer to chromosone damage. Insteafd the family is portrayed as everything wholesome bolstering the feeble image of pressurised inept parents having to care for theri offspring when they hardly have the facilities to look after themselves.

And now onto the sorriest magazine I've ever witnessed. It's more stupid than **"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**, more exploitative than **"Thai chickens bang Dick"**, it has to be called **"DETAILS"** don't bother yourself no address, Can you imagine an American version of the Face where they divest it of even the minute pretence of being anything more than a "John Moores" catalogue ? All the radical independent kick ass guitar grungers are involved in nothing more than peddling their sad hackneyed product to the Pavlovian panting male middle class. It has a Hello section where you can meet the stars in their homes and buy products like they own at vastly inflated prices. I only bothered to read one interview. This was with the lead singer of Firehose who gave a non ironical tirade about how he was one of the first to wear a plaid (check) shirt before Nirvana and how he wanted to open up a company that gave proper quality lumberjack shirts to the kids as he felt there were inferior copies being made. What a sad tired tosser.

Lastly there are the foriegn zines **"HELLO HAPPY TAX PAYER"** 50frs inc p&p Filleau/ Champaloux BP 261, 33012 Bordeaux Cedex, France from France and **"MASODIK LATAS"** c\o Racz Mihaly, Budapest x111.U.35, 1172 from Hungary. It is not possible to do them justice as my French is not so fluent and my Magyar non existant. However both show that Europe has more to offer for people who are trying to do something outside of the scrotum itching of the GB scene. The Hungarian mag has an extensive interview with Diamanda Galas, features on Skinny Puppy, Swans and Foetus. The French "Taxpayer," very well put together is similar to "Grim Humour" in size, content and layout with some excellent cartoons that only the french seem to be able to do a la **"SORTEZ LA CHIENNE."**

Running alongside the paper Underground a new book publishing operation has been set up. Underground is comitted to bringing into print strange, experimental and radical new writing and art.

Unnatural, techno-theory for a contaminated culture is available for £9.00 post-free in the UK from: PO Box 3285, London, SW9 6JH. (Make cheques payable to 'Underground'.)

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UNNATURAL
techno-theory for a contaminated culture
Edited by Matthew Fuller
April 94

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Issue#2
Test Department, Cindy Talk, Lydia Lunch, Suicide.

Issue#3
Diamanda Galas, Pere Ubu, Steve Albini, Annie Anxiety, Young Gods.

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Al Jourgensen, Zev, Sol Invictus, Christina Berry, S&M Dominatrix, Stories and Graphics.

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televisionaries

the red army faction story 1963-1993

t o m vague

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Illustrations	60 photographs & graphics

TELEVISIONARIES is available from AK Press for £4.50 postpaid. Please include this information and our address in the review. We would also appreciate recieving a copy of the review when it appears in print.

RECORD REVIEWS

CONSUME AND BUY

The purpose of the review is to inform the reader on the merits or lack of them of a piece of product. Usually the product has to be current, as there is an underlying belief that "new is better". Divest yourself of all those old products and buy the latest and feel more satisfied. Don't believe a word of it. It's all subjective, dictated by current taste, the reviewers bias, if he\she has a hang over, has any nepotistic contact with the "artists" or has been offered money\bribes in order to make you part from the product of your wage labour. This makes it impossible to create an objective opinion. Added to this is that the perpetual need of critics to create a scene and make out everything is always exciting to justify their own existence. This being that they can eventually convince the Guardian, Daily Mail or Channel 4 that they have the finger on the yoof button so they can be safely employed by the Street of Shame for more serious topics, like the television page. These artists have been chosen consciously by the reviewer, blocking out the mass of data either by design or by fault. The design operates, because of the mass data that hits the receiver, who then has to decode the messages and subtext contained within each offering. The recordings here are part of that babble. They have been picked out because even in their worst form each has some form of creativity that is dictated something apart from the money economy. Some of it is unlistenable, others are so superior in emotion and radical creativity it is impossible to convey in words the meaning of what it has to offer. This is why music exists, words cannot convey all the nuances of emotion.

This isn't an exercise to decry all what happens in the Charts. A woman who calls herself Madonna and completely detourns the religous associations with that name, is a Grade 1 Prankster regardless of the pap that constitute her records. Even Phil Collins tried to use his media power to look at the role of Tele Evangelists, and the Eurythmics songs are full of ironic statements on cultural conditioning. However all these people are amply rewarded by the industry and don't need any further hype apart from what has been said. Therefore if you are looking for some words on the machinations of the media industry, turn on the Radio. Choose a piece of alienated consumption. Alienated, because the consumer is distanced from the producer by the disparity in capital and the realisation of their own potential. In simpler words you are there to purchase the recording and hopefully be hooked into buying more of them so that the record company can recoup the money it spent on promoting the artist and then make a profit for its share holders. Each artist is part of a speculation deal. Signing one up is similar to buying a raffle ticket except with a performer you can manipulate the odds through marketing.The artist has to manouvere between artistic credibility, are what they are singing about has any emotional resonance left, and the need to sell records. There is a tension between these roles for those that are serious. Then there are those who couldn't care less, the meandering dilletantes who fill up people's illusions in the same way that Orwell portrayed in 1984. All they produce are meaningless couplets for the emotionally sterile. Music to soothe the imagination rather than excite. The media industry receiving platitudes from Tebbit, international rock gone gooey. The continuation of Pat Boone, the white man's black man rewriting "race songs" in the Fifties, stripping them of sex and excitement to a bland middle class whitey audience, safely tamed. This residue has lingered becoming evermore dominant. It set a template that infected Motown in the seventies as they struggled for that larger audience, nosediving into the blandness of the Pat Boone phenomena. In dominant white mass culture major revolts in this passivity have been undertaken in the 50's with Rock n' Roll, the Sixties with the beat boom and the hedonism of the Hippies and the sharpened attack of the Punks in the late Seventies. In between these eras, undercurrents have raged that have fed one into the other. This is a snapshot of a particular time and place. Apologies to all those who have been left out who deserve to be here. From the debris of those eras we have the present. Which brings us to **"CONSUMER REVOLT"** by **"COP SHOOT COP"** (BIG CAT RECORDS ABB33). It draws on the aural assault of the Punk Revolution and the late eighties American Sonic Sounscapes but with a finer political Stanley knife than the latter, wielding itself against cultural obsessiveness and a lyrical Bukowski swagger. It has one foot on the past whilst thrusting itself against the present, abounding with ideas and rhythms that are undanceable in the present sterility. also out by the same outfit is **"ASK QUESTIONS LATER"** which sees them becoming more left field, rockier and brassier, moving away from the soundscape defined by Big Black into a double bassed territory they can call their own. The **"YOUNG GODS"** on PLAY IT AGAIN RECORDS BMS 201CD also enter a similar terrain using the Doors and Hendrix as their projection. Abstract lyrics in English to convey images, that move away from self indulgences. The sounds are again pilfered from the past but honed into something far more futurist and creative than pastiche. At the end of music, when all chords and sounds have been utilised, everyone will be a Young God, or a Showadawaddy. the only bad note is the last track which meanders for ages in the old prog rock tradition. As an offshoot there is **AL COMET AD "THE EUROP PIRAT TOUR"** CD 39 317, this being more a collection of unformed ideas drawing upon the main outfit for sustenance whilst also pressing a few buttons himself. **"WHITESLUG"**,

the noise embryo based in the flatlands of East Anglia on "FIST FUN TAPE FF02" have recorded **CAGE PARALYSIS.** Drawing upon the territory laid in the eighties they slither with ideas and sounds that make them distinct from grunge and industrial, managing to combine elements of both into something fresh that gasps above the mire of pricks with overdriven guitars playing E chords to fresh fazed studes. Gazing from another ledge at the abyss as Whiteslug is **"FOETUS"** with **"MALE"** (BIG CAT31/CD). Another live recording from him, this mixture of tracks are taken from **"WISEBLOOD"** and the various **"FOETUS"** incarcerations, some new items and a cover. The sound grunges with the accent on mutilation of the senses, with fifteen songs about the end result of complete metal breakdown, whether on a mass scale with **"I'll meet you in "Poland Baby",** to individuals with **"SOMEONE DIED IN MY POOL"**. The problem is of content. It is all well to alert the listener and feed into the subconscious, that inhumanity exists, but there is little offered as to why ? If I wanted to know that the world is a horrible place and filled with all sorts of perverts then I can pick up the South London Press, which is crammed with court reports of mutilations and murders, backed surreally with adverts for homes in the area. The lyrical content of **"MALE"** veers towards a pubescent preoccupation with the power of the killer, without an explanation of motive. If it's meant as some a paen to the collapse of the psyche then it only looks at the surface outward appearance. If it's meant to show the killer as some sort of strong individual who acts the fantasty of us all, then there is some sort of misconception. The gaols all full of weak people who are nothing more than the victims of circumstance, backed with a brutalised childhood. There is nothing noble about their actions, only a pathetic sadness that their lives have been warped by an abuse of power that moves the victim of early abuse to being a perpetrator in later life. Hence the cycle continues. The real nobility of the human organism is in a refusal to continue that pattern, recognising that exists but saying no, the pain stops here with me. Merely documenting what everyone tries so hard to forget reeks of voyeurism and a perpetuation of stupidity. Musically however he is able to span the breadth of imagination with **"WISEBLOOD" "PTTM"** and **"STEROID MAXIMUS", "QUILOMBO"**. On both recordings, Jim takes some Jazz, customises, rewelds and chromes it up for future consumption. In a more bouyant he has moved away from death fantasies to the surreal. His version of Jazz would obviuosly have the buffs chomping on their reeds. **ENSLAVE "GOD'S IRON FIST"** WSCDE 006 is brutal sonic harmonics cascading into a cathedral of sound dealing with themes of isolation, pederasty and genocicide. There are no heavy metal chords or jazz solos, just a pounding beat and vocals that trail themselves along the pit of the floor. Punctuated with a rush of sound that plunges the transfixed listener into standing on the railway track as the

engine roars its way to your head.

On a different level is the sheer atmosphere of the vastly neglected **CINDYTALK** with their **"SECRETS AND FALLING",** MIDNIGHT MUSIC DONG 76 12inch. Far from bludgeoning the senses, this EP dips and soars seeped with atmosphere. There is nothing out of place on this record. The only fault I can find is that there isn't more of it. The emotion of the voice blends into the instrumentation without precedents. Dripping with a Romantic sadness its a shame that more people don't take more notice. **DEATH IN JUNE** with **"BUT WHAT ENDS WHEN THE SYMBOLS SHATTER"**, BAD VC CD36 evoke a similar response whereas the feeling of this record delves into the psyche of a battle with frustration. The music sparkles and shimmers in a simplicity that is light years from any populist format. It defies the category of folk and industrial both too dour and worthy for something that transcends those limitations. This record, despite the general mood which last surfaced on the first two Joy Division LP's, is more upbeat and offers more than razor slashes on the wrists, evoking a strength to carry on regardless of the surrounding madness. Another cultural necessity. Linked to this album is the live "Croatian" LP where the profits are to be donated for limbs for the war wounded. It contains live and studio versions of DIJ previous work on three sides of vinyl or on CD. **BARRY ADAMSON** on **"SOUL MURDER"**, (STUMM 105) creates another glittering soundscape drawing on his mixed race experience. It steps outside stereotyped boundaries of defined sound and topic utilising Radio 2 type sounds, the evocation of fifties gangster movies to deal with the commentary of a southern lynching, and a young boys dream of being a Kingston James Bond, backed by a Ska'd version of Barry's 007 theme. It uses irony to add sustenance that most politico music fails to cope with. They should enforce Billy Bragg, Tracy Chapman and all those other plank bashers to listen to this, then they might grasp their bleatings about left issues need some more than everybody holding hands and being nice to one another. **SOL INVICTUS** on **"THE KILLING TIDE"** WORLD SERPENT 003LP offer a mixture of reworked songs and some new ones that strum to the march of death. The crux of the sleevenotes delineating that the role of nature is to initiate a bloodbath that we all partake within in order to uphold our institutions. The musical accompaniement uses the building block of "folk" music, ie acoustic guitars, piano and cello which act as a counterpoint to the subject matter. This makes it work in a way that **"MALE"** by **FOETUS** doesn't. You may agree or disagree with the basic sentiments which are pessimistic, but are strangely contradicted by the artists willing to create and communicate this idea.

There have always been currents that have raged on regardless of the main flux. This is one point of doing this, to document it. Nietzsche the darling of the right, pointed this out with his theory of the Superman. It isn't

somebody running around in tights trying to save the world, but individuals who are able to strive above the times and shape the future for themselves who are apart from mass politics. The creator is the shaper, the artist, they are not an elite but just the avant garde in the old Bolshevik sense, the liberators of all potential. **"LET US PREY"** TURSA 005CD, by **Sol Invictus** is a live reworking of their material. It shows Tony's voice growing stronger whilst the songs elicit a pathos that would entail a pack of Kleenex to accompany the recording. All three outfits shares many elements whilst none of them share exactly the same pre occupations. Each shows that it is not necessary to grunge or fall back onto folk music rituals to show emotion. Allied to Tony is Karl Blake and **"Shock Headed Peters** " whose **"SEVERAL HEADED ENEMY"** CP131-01CD is a mixtured of rockabilly, psychedelia and the crooning of the earlier works. It reminded me of aspects of the first Alan Vega LP except where that was more fuelled on anger this is more steped in self disgust. It does have a basis in the rock tradition but straddles this with a delve into the horizon by the use of frequency. The rise of the new technology has brought a coresponding change in ideas. There is nothing wrong with the dirt of the Stooges or rawness of Phil Ochs or Woody Guthrie but what made those artists exciting at the time was that they stepped out of the boundaries they existed within and created something out of the old that was new. **JARBOE's "THIRTEEN MASKS"** on (HYPERION) is a delve into introspection that examines much of the subject matter of Death In June but obviously from a differing female perspective. There is the same religous imagery and spareness of sound. Its the antithesis of the early Swans, but the subject matter: alienation, remains the same. It is softer, less apparently aggressive, but at the same time just as concise in its feeling. It shows that emotion does not need the same vehicle otherwise it becomes a cliche. this is something that the **SWANS** have tried hard to avoid. On the **"LOVE OF LIFE"** they are exploring the same themes as **"White Light from the Mouth of Infinity"**. As such it is another mastepiece in the use of melodies and pathos. The use of Jarboe in singing has allowed them to move away and examine different avenues. The album contrasts between her soaring vocals and Giras deep melancholia that skips near to Leonard Cohen but at the same time retaining some of the sense of power of the old in the vocal delivery. Ironically whilst they are producing some of their best work they are not as popular in G.B. A reflection of the power of the popular media in pushing musical formats and the sheep that are willingly blinded by it.

BRAZIL'S "AWAY" on CONTEMPO 92DD105 is similar to in feel to Julee Cruise of TWIN PEAKS theme tune fame. They do a version of the old Brazil standard which made me listen again to the original herself. There is lapse in to sub Visage button pressing on some of the other tracks but if they make anything as good the Julee Cruise stuff again I'd be interested to hear it.

Electronic music since Kraftwerk and Suicide has been taken up en masse. Most of it is dire, reworkings of other people's efforts that does little more than lubricate the music industry profits as it pilfers themes from early childhood that create some Pavlovian longing for the sandpit.

CLOCK DVA with **"MAN AMPLIFIED"** (CONTE 182) and **"BITSTREAM** "(TEMPODISC 183) use technology to explore sound in the same way that Kraftwerk did. Having a harsher feel to the basic elements they combine the classical simplicity to melodies that roll around the brain and rhythms that will shuffle the most unwilling of feet. **"MAN AMPLIFIED"** is faster than **"BURIED DREAMS"**and denser. Dealing with the themes of technology that Gibson examines in Neuromancer, the album would make an ideal companion to those nights when you turn on the video, turn down the sound and curl up in front of the fire with a good cyberpunk novel. It is hard to concentrate if you have ingested any hallucinogenics, so you won't need them, and if your mind is naturally active it won't be long before the dense patterns swirl along with the clipped prose to deliver vivid pictures of London's Docklands populated with soul instead of Kapital. **BITSREAM** is a collection of reworkings of the same song from Buried Dreams in seven different incarnations. It's a companion to the album building on the the themes explaored. When I first hear **COIL's "LOVES SECRET DOMAIN"** (TORSO RECORDS 33181) and **"STOLEN AND CONTAMINATED".** I thought it was a continuation of the "Revolution Number 9" from the "White Album." Investing in a new stereo, after the handle broke off the last one, revealed the complexity of this record. You'll either think it's load of electric twaddle or the aural equivalent of plunging into Gibson's ice. I see it as the latter.

Sit back preferably by yourself, turn it up and let your mind rove around this sound collage. Like **Clock DVA** it is dense with sounds that appear on the surface and then disappear into the rhythm. It has a psychedelic feel to it without the point being laboured with overloads from the past, no electronic guitars reworking Hendrix solo's. It takes one thread that the Beatles dallied with, plus bottling the essence of the sixties, exploring it much further. It's reverberates with ideas far more than modern Techno and is not mindlessly dance orientated to shuffle trainers. I prefer these two records to their earlier works as it shows a development of the initial ideas into something more grandiose than experimentation. **LAIBACH'S "KAPITAL"** appears far leaner as a comparison. Gone are the harsh structures and instead are ideas borrowed from Hip hop and Techno, transported to Eastern Europe dis assembled and inspected. The ironic out takes of Stalinism, meander through the title, borrowed from Marx, the imagery from Metropolis, a parody of Capitalism it was far easier to see it as a precursor of State Communism. The same came be said for Laibach. The problem being are they laughing or cry-

ing, should it be taken seriously ? As entertainment the record fails to conform to structured beats to shuffle around to. It is not a rock music which provides some form of cathartic release. You can't bang your head to it, use it for party music or impress a partner by your taste. It is a collection of treatises put together with sound, although paradoxically there are little vocals on offer, mostly samples from European culture. Some of the songs I could hum to, as for the sleeve notes I don't have the patience to struggle through it. It's as if they've swallowed the collected works of Althusser and spewed them. However don't let this distract you from the sheer power of what is offered. It is one of those records where the depth of what is on offer is difficult to do it justice. The nearest reference point being a Euro **PUBLIC ENEMY** with the added bonus of having an imagination as well. Laibach are alos contained on the rereleased **"VHUTEMAS ARCHETYPI"** CD which is a compilation of several outfits that existed in the mid eighties pre techno, P.T. It has sleeve notes written by **Graeme Revell** the mainstay of **SPK** who also contribute two tracks that appeared on **"Songs of Byzantine Flowers".** The sleevenotes contain some disjointed theorising on the nature of creativity. The once sacred has dissolved probably for good reasons in that it is no longer functional to our present living conditions. It speaks of art as having superseded religion as the locus of "symbolic creation". Maybe I'm missing something but all I see in past religions was the organisation of peoples minds into funnels from which there was little escape as it was encompassing. The person who is creating has been given a uique opportunity in this century with the collapse of all mystical morality to do whatever they want. The only thing lacking are the fetters placed on imagination by the past that makes people plod along to the 4/4 Beat. This album points to the stirrings of using other areas to break out of that but we still exist in a world where these artists will never collectively make as much impact as Van Halen Live. Heavy Metal seems to be a timeless music rooted in a genre that would make all Behaviourist Psychologists ecstatic at the response of the human organism to a certian tone anf frequency. All that happens is that different boufanted poodles play around with differing tones and noise signals. Then they are rewarded with showers of consumer durables, status and as much sex as they can shovel. They are then seen as the signifiers of a generation and their musings taken seriously. The artists on this album lay by the wayside only history can rescue them, the need to break out of those fetters. Some of it already sounds dated, the weak techno of **Hunting Lodge** whilst **Laibach** plundered Psycho for their work to recast it into a Black Mass. **SPK,G.L.** and **Lustmord** manage to sound timeless by the dredging of the past to make something for the future.

CRASH WORSHIP "ASESINOS" CSR 3CD on Cold spring records uses the power of rhythm to carry it forward. Elements of Z'Ev and earlier Test Department spring out without any screams of plagarism. They are following their own curve and it would be interesting to see where they land.

The **VAMPIRE RODENTS "PREMONITION"**, VR4 showed a band brimming with ideas but needing some more structure. The lyrics are abstract in the best Wire tradition. The music is a delve into TV subculture that combines avant garde classical music with Tweetie Pie and Bugs Bunny driven along by a sequencer. The mood shifts from twee to predatory. One of the difficulties is the vocals, which veer to Lou Reed singing to his navel, lacking in expression which distract from the potential. It does have many similarities in feel to **KAPITAL** and I would be interested to know how they develop. **WIR** with **"THE FIRST LETTER"** are following a trajectory that many of their contemporaries have been left by the wayside. Whilst **PIL** delved into bombast and supporting the likes of James, **WIR** have kept to their own path. As a result they make records that should have mass appeal that don't sell. On this record are harmonies, laid back arrangements that show a group moving as far away as the first album as the **Swans**. Even a sample from their first album decontextualised does not sound out of place. **NIN** broke the wave of electornic groups to appear on MTV. The formula has been set for others to follow. As a result many are eyeing up for the main chance, as many rock outfits are bust dissecting the success of Nirvana. Therefore we have records like **PANKOWS "SUPIDITY"** and **BIGODS "ON THE RUN".** Whilst it would be beneficial to have a cross placed over the mound of Heavy Metal, to replace it with an Electonic equivalent would be just another cliche'd formula. Both outfits take elements of **DAF** and **FRONT 242** to create something mildly interesting if you were waiting for the latest **Depeche Mode** platter to finish at the local Techno club. There is something missing from both that fails to sparkle, a twist or a turn. **BIGOD** even do an anthem to America that seems to be a celebration. Reform the Clash, all is forgiven.

Spoken word albums don't you love them. It was once the province of the comedian or thre shakespearean orator. The former can be played once or twice before the jokes become stale, the routine becomes a cliche and a new batch of laughs are needed. I don't have much time for the Rollins Band, disliking intensely Black Sabbath dirges but the spoken word albums are on another planet. Rolling together pathos, laughter and tragedy in one story Henry has the gift of oratory that would have made sense in the Ampitheatre as it does in some sweaty London club. **"OUR FATHERS WHO AREN'T IN HEAVEN"**, WSP25LP collects **Lydia Lunch, Henry Rollins, Don Bajema** and **Hubert Selby**. The author of **"Last Exit to Brooklyn"** has been resurected, deservedly so by **Henry** and **Lydia**. Humanism reeks from his work as a true survivor of the Queer Nation, the people that don't fit in, the ones who have compassion instead of hate tattooed on their knuckles. The signifiers of a new humanity that sheds its skin of hypocrisy and instead of turing to inflict itself on another generation rises above. No wonder he has been backed into a corner of obscurity. It's not enough to show that life is rotten. **Celine** the demon at the bottom of the cesspit revealed all of that, becoming so self obsessed, he joined in with the Third Reich. **Selby** has sidestepped that particular mantrap to emerge intact optimistic and cynical. **Rollins** likewise, whilst **Lydia** remains trapped in railing against humanity that everyone with an ounce of being born knows is harsh, brutish and short. The trick is to detourn it snd come out stronger,richer and more humane without being cloyingly sentimental.

The tape section is always a lot harder to review fairly. Everyone else had had bigger budgets to produce their stuff, sometimes deservedly so and other times you wonder if some of these artists are just a tax loss for their record company. Having said that **"KARCERAL FLESH"** c\o **FRANK KERVIZIC**, BP 1115, 59012 Lille, Cedex, France is better than most of the half baked ideas that are sent through. It is not totally all there but shows an aggression that needs some refinement. **SPH** are a cassette label based in Portugal that have a a large amount of releases of atmospheric industrial along the lines of early **Coil/Ze'v** which are well presented in plastic sleeves and images. They are based at **SPH**, Apartado 223, 2780 Oerias, Portugal. Send off to them for their list which contain **Merbow**, "Lieutenant Carmel" and "Odium". Away from the tedium of the UK it shows that there are people all over the world who are experimenting with collages of sound fit for the twenty first century and not trying to rehash garbage from the middle of the twentieth.

STOP PRESS

One problem with "industrial" music is its fascination with "death". It entices morbidity, so the cranks ooze out of the closet. Once it meant exploration, now it's treatises on the faeces of Charlie Manson, Mengele and the other snuff crap artists.

Francoise Duvivier and **DIVE "FIRST ALBUM" (MINUS HABEN RECS)** transcend this with irony. The packaging of the **CD,** with the book **"DIVE IMAGES** and the free **CD,** is sumptuous. The sound of **DIVE** takes a collage of repetition, a la SUICIDE, with dark bass and SPK synth swirls. Initially I thought the lyrics where just the doom/gloom, how painful life is, bla, bla. There is a suggestion of transcendence, that lifts it away from the Razor and Barb self indulgentees. The work of **F. DUVIVIER** can be seen in the mag. It is much more than mere schlock. As with everyone who cast their subconscious onto the stone, what comes up is not necessarily pretty, but is unique to her vision and not the paraphrasing of some weak male with a grudge against life.

I suppose "Death Art" has a purpose, maybe for the dispossessed lonely male in suburbia, a release valve, letting him know he's not alone. Other fuck ups read "True Crime" and have an A-Z of serial killers. Therefore CD's such as **Schloss Tegal "The Grand Guignol",(ARTWARE)** exist as bonding material. All that's cliched comes to mind; white noise synths, no melody, Cd pics of mutilated bodies and a treatise on abuse. DEFENCE; "They're telling it like it is". Like the altern version of "News of the World"... I'm sick of seeing it like it is. I want some transcendence. Power perversion permeates society in many guises. Only those people with the emotional life of a half sketched character in "A Little House on the Prairie" could be shocked. There again, it should sell millions.

Cruising a kindred colonic canal is the compilation **CD; DEDICATION's "ZWEITE ABUSE" (ARTWARE),** drawing on a soundscape akin to NON's "BLOOD AND FLAME" which had an element of pranksterdom, whipped with nihilism. I get the impression, apart from **ALAN LEES; "Annie Sprinkle loves latex"**, the rest of them took Boyd Rice seriously. Therefore we get cut ups, white noise, loops, but no substance.

Usually when I hear the words, "Alestier Crowley" I go for my gun. Another fuck up, people who've been neglected as children, look up to, as a role model. As if "will" has anything to do with smack addiction. For anybody spouting philosophy I want to see PRAXIS, living it out as they talk it, not an actor. However I forgive **HYBRIDS "MUSIC FOR RITUALS" (ARTWARE).** Drawing from an inner search, the feel of the album is similar to "Songs of Byzantine Flowers" by SPK. It isn't derivative. Too harsh to be New Age, it flows. dips and soars if you're in the right mood. If you're not, then its a load of irritating garbage.

BLADE RUNNER; the influence of the DICK vision distorted by Ridley Scott has grown to encompass different avenues of culture. These can be seen in the likes of **Sigillum S "HELIX PARASITES", Full Dynamic Range "LOST GENERATION" (MINUS HABENS), LASSIGUE BENDTHAUS's "CLONED"and CLOCK DVA's "SIGN" (CONTEMPO).** The future is sexy and exciting, the tension exists between the haves(humans) and the have nots(androids). It is only **CLOCK DVA** who are able to capture that aura in an album, stratospheres above the competition, but not as good as "Man Amplified". **F.D.R.** are a fine Techno outfit, after the first track, where the layers of sound fill out into swirling melodies. **L.B.'s Cd** is a cut up attack of the same track in 10 versions. The concept, reminiscent of Laibach's "Sympathy for the Devil". All the tracks are clones of the previous, a simulation of computer life with a loop of feedback. It comes in beautiful packaging. My only qualm is that the original idea should have been stronger to carry it off. **Prayer Tower's "HALO" (THIRD MIND RECS)** aspires to Wagner but descends into Vangelis. It came as no surprise with the rest of the tracks that they were Canadian, a mass consumption version of Skinny Puppy. On the same label is the far superior "The moon 7 Times" whose blend of early 80's rock shimmers far above the dark growling macho jerks who squeeze themselves into dead flesh and live in some suburban holocaust. At first I admit it. I hated it, it sounded so female/emotional, but it grew. The same could not be said for **Bibelpreik "Oral Constitution CDEP" (ARTWARE),** a Norwegian group. Taking elements from D.I.J. and Sol plus D.Galas they seem to be let down by a poorly conceived inside sleeve where the women decide to show a bit of leg, gratuitously. Couldn't take them seriously after that.

Always thought that Anarchy was about signing on, snubbing the family inheritance (for a while) and having bad dress sense. **"Demanding the Impossible"** a history of Anarchism by **Peter Marshall** is a huge well researched book, bristling with the past and present. Pronounced dead by Woodcock in the 60's, the libertarian impulse has permeated throughout society into Thatcherism via the Free market, to the travellers of the 90's. The book covers practically everything; the nihilism of Nevachaev, the triumph of the ego by Stirner, to the non resistance of Gandhi and Tolstoy. Passing along the way, Nietzsche, Bakunin and Nestor Makhno. The latter immortalised by my Bulldog and by **P. Arshinov in "History of the Mahknovist Movement 1918-1921.** Nestor inspired the first mass anarchist revolt which took place in the Ukraine during the Russian Civil War. Taking on the Austro-German Army, Ukranian Nationalists and the Bolsheviks the first Anarcho system estb itself amongst the peasantry of the Ukraine only to be decimated by the Communists, who wanted Ukraine grain under their direct command. A situation that was akin to Spain in 36 when Stalin's henchmen turned on the CNT. This revolt was no woolly jumpered, dog on string enforced poverty. Mahkno's fight involved seizing the imagination, not stultifying it. His army was composed of one part Robin Hood, the other, Hells Angels with a cause, except they used a fast horse drawn buggy instead of Ironheads and Sportsters. Imagine it, Easyrider combined with Social Justice. Linked to Anarchy is Max Stirner who, along with Nietzsche calls for a society made of individuals, and states the individualist case in **"THE EGO AND ITS OWN". (REBEL PRESS)** Stirner throws down a challenge to all who cling to morality, seeing it as nothing more than a belief system that was foisted onto the individual. The enjoyment of life being the ultimate aim, everything else the law, church, state and duty are smokescreens used to rob individuals of the will to act. He also criticised Marx for creating a theory that would enslave people in just the same manner as capitalism. **"MAX STIRNER'S EGOISM" by John Clark (FREEDOM PRESS)** offers a critique of Stirner and is worth acquiring if you wish to push your mind in different frontiers. Drawing on the above is **Hakim Bey with "T.A.Z." (Autonomedia).** This is a heady breath of a book that mixes Stirner/Nietzsche drugs and shamanism, searching the spaces where people said yes to sensuous pleasure and fun, ripping out bullets of hate at pretension and xtianity . Anarcho cyberpunk ? It sounds slavish, a dreadlocked herd playing space invaders. What's needed is a new language, a new humanity that goes beyond. **SPK "Turn Illness into a Weapon" pub by (KRRIM, Postfach 103464, 69024 Heidelberg, Germany cost £8.00).** Concerned with the exploitation of Mental Patients a few doctors rebelled. Pressure from the State was brought upon them, as they developed a different way of "treating" patients other than giving them downers. One that involved allowing them to organise into groups and speak about their experiences. Starting from the premise that capitalism produces its own set of illnesses which attack everyone (stress and as a result cancer etc). The Health System has a dual role in making the individual better, so s/he can get back to work (be a useful producer/consumer) and the body is needed by the health Industries so they can push him/her drugs which mask the stress of living, by turning him/her dependent. Sounds far fetched ? Not when you think that 9 million people took Valium on prescription last year. Valium patented by Roche, a huge multi nat is given, amongst others, to bereaved partners after a funeral to stop them from grieving. Evidently an excess of emotion is considered uncool. The SPK fought back and guess what happened. Out came the Iron Fist from the Velvet Glove.

... emerging from a wall opposite a terrace of postmodern houses in Frankfurt 1st October 1992.

How does the self-loathing
and terror that turns into
zenophobia
and fascism
get transmitted across a
generation if not through
the abuse of children?

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DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC BULLDOGS?

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29th March 1994

Industrial Nation
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Dear Ed,

Enlosed with is the latest copy of FIST, number 5 with exclusive interviews with Death In June, Coil, Swans, Front Line Assembly and Clock DVA, plus articles on De Sade and Mcliniere plus one of my stories. I hope you enjoy it. Also included is the latest Cd release by a band that I am in "Enslave". We have two CD's out on World Serpent and we are currently recording a new one called "Stunde Null". Would you be interested in reviewing them ?

I would also be interested in seeing a copy of Industrial Nation.

The cost of this issue of FIST is £3.00 plus £1.00 p&p for the USA which probably works out at $6.00 are thereabouts.

I hope to hear from you soon

Dean
FIST